

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE  
**MACLEAN'S**

February 15, 1950

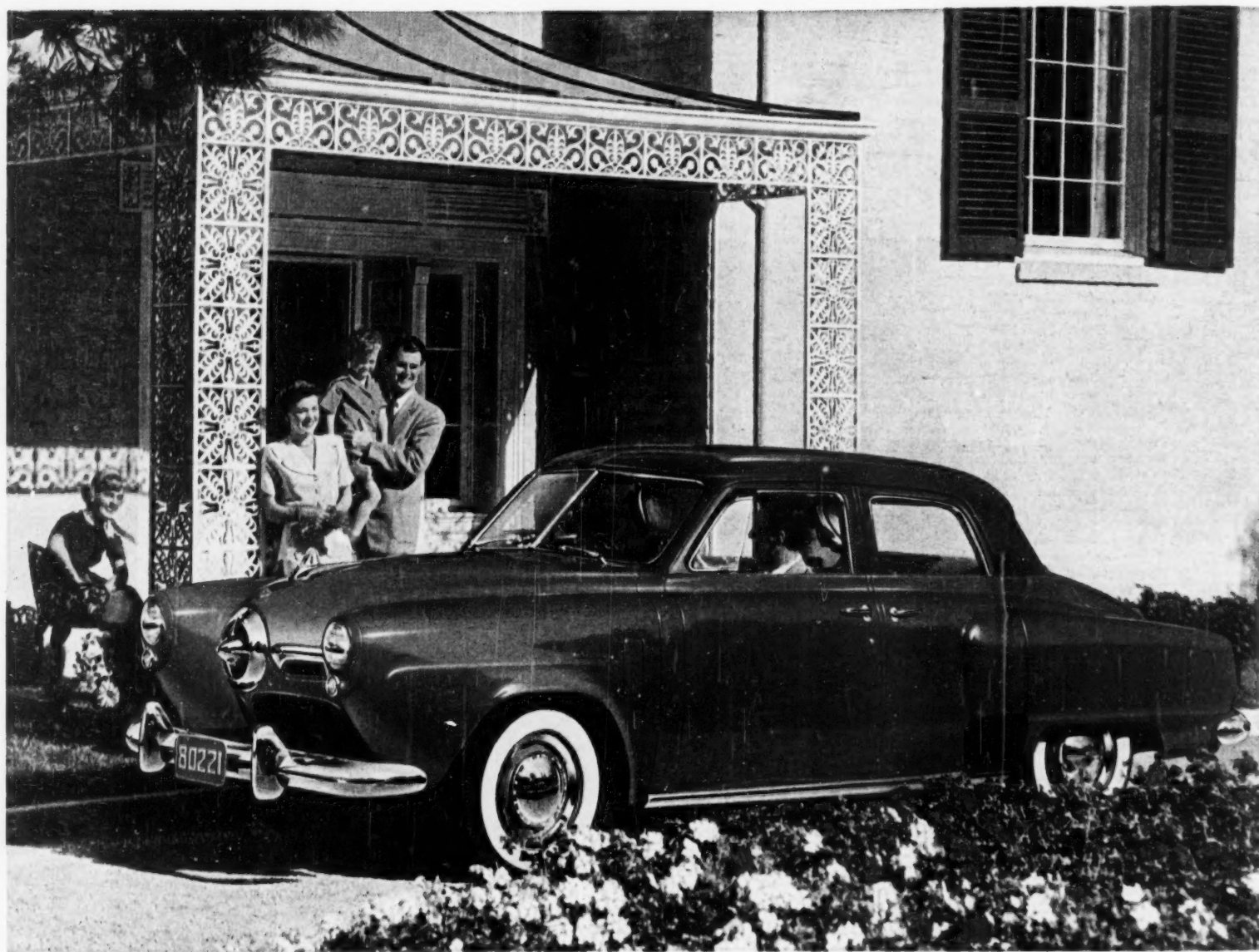
Ten Cents

**AH, THOSE QUEBEC GIRLS!**

*Victoria, by Bruce Hutchison*

**The Rise of E. P. Taylor**





Studebaker Champion 4-door sedan

## Smart 1950 buy—this new Studebaker's thrift and value!

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Stop in at a nearby Studebaker dealer's showroom—look over the value-packed 1950 Studebaker Champion—and go out for a convincing drive through city traffic and over open highways.

**New 1950  
Studebaker**

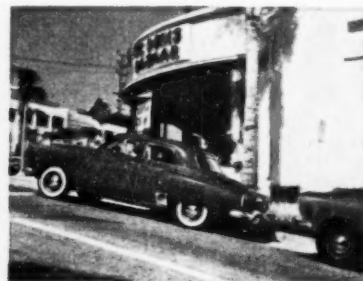
*Styled ahead and  
engineered ahead!*



**You ride in deep-bedded comfort**—New balance of design and a brand new kind of coil spring front suspension serve to suppress jounces and jolts. Regal de luxe Champion shown has foam rubber seat cushioning.



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**You don't roll back on upgrades**—thanks to Studebaker's automatic hill holder. You step up gasoline savings remarkably with Studebaker's automatic overdrive. Both are available on 1950 Champions at extra cost.

White sidewall tires and wheel trim rings optional at extra cost



**You get trustworthy craftsmanship** that's the pride of the hundreds of Canadian workmen on the production lines at Studebaker's modern automotive plant in Hamilton, Ont.

The Studebaker Corporation of Canada, Limited





"Skin blemishes were a real problem," says glamorous Carmen Lister of Montreal. "Then a friend recommended Noxzema. I used it as my powder base and in no time my skin looked soft and smooth once more. Now it's my regular beauty aid."



"I have very sensitive skin—and need a good protective cream," says lovely Effie Sorenson of Vancouver. "Ever since I started using Noxzema as my regular beauty aid and hand cream, my skin always seems so soft and smooth."

# LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS ... OR YOUR MONEY BACK



**Ottawa!** "I was very self-conscious about blemishes," says Margaret Young. "Then I used Noxzema as my powder base and night cream. Now my skin always looks softer, smoother."



**Calgary!** "Whenever I'm troubled with painfully chapped hands, I just smooth on Noxzema," says Mrs. Doreen Roberts. "It's so wonderfully soothing—brings instant relief."

## Skin Specialist develops new home beauty routine! Helps 4 out of 5 women in Clinical Tests!

● Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you're bothered with dry rough skin, annoying blemishes... if your hands are red and rough from housework... here's real news!

A skin specialist, using one cream—medicated Noxzema—has developed a New Home Beauty Routine. In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women. Here is the specialist's 4 Simple Step Routine.

**Morning—1.** "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—as you would with soap. Note how clean your skin looks and feels.

**2.** After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

**Evening—3.** Before retiring, again "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." See how easily you wash away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—how really clean it leaves your face.

**4.** Now massage Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them. Noxzema is

greaseless—no messy pillow smears!

Remember—this new "Home Facial" was clinically-tested by skin specialists with amazing results!

### Softer, Whiter Hands

And, if your hands get red and rough from dishwashing, housework... or painfully chapped from exposure—try medicated Noxzema. In clinical tests, 9 out of 10 women showed softer, whiter, lovelier-looking hands in just 24 hours!

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**Rough, Dry Skin!** "Before I used Noxzema my skin was terribly dry," says Margaret Jeffrey, Winnipeg. "Now it's my regular night cream—helps my skin look softer, smoother."

## NOXZEMA CHAPPED SKIN SPECIAL

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FOR YOUR MONEY

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10 oz. Jar for only **\$1.00**

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## MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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## EDITORIALS

## Good Jobs for All? Sure, But Not by Magic

FOR THE first time in nearly 10 years there's enough unemployment in Canada to be worth talking about. Maybe it's because the subject has grown unfamiliar that so much of the talk has a woolly, unrealistic ring.

Here's a labor leader saying the answer to unemployment is to legislate for a flat 40-hour week with no reduction in the worker's take-home pay. Here's another labor leader saying the answer lies in government relief projects at full union wages. Here's the Ontario AFL demanding a double-barreled Utopia: higher wages for those who have jobs already and relief employment for those workers who haven't jobs.

Viewed individually, on their individual, self-contained merits, we wouldn't dream of quarreling with any of these suggestions. We work for a living ourselves. We look forward to the day when, with the help of those technological advances we're always hearing about, nobody will have to work more than 40 hours a week and the lucky and the inspired will have to work only, say, 20 or 30 hours. We agree, too, that government spending ought to be geared as much as possible to the needs of labor. We are also a fearless champion of the buck, of

which we contend everybody ought to have a respectable supply.

Just the same, we dispute the easy assumption that unemployment can be cured or avoided by tossing wages, hours and government policies into some cosmic juggler's turn and rearranging them in a magic pattern under which everybody gets a job at excellent wages. When and if we run into serious unemployment here—and we haven't yet, thank heaven—we'll no longer be in a period of general prosperity. Maybe the causes will have originated outside this country, but anyway most of us who are numbered among the nation's hired help will be running short of money. So, by and large, will the nation's employers. So will our various governments. Unemployment means hard times.

In hard times there are necessary palliatives, but there are no quick, automatic cure-alls. If there were cure-alls they would not be the sole responsibility of employers and governments, nor would their application lie solely within the power of employers and governments. The workers would have to participate too. And when and if we run into hard times the workers will never ease them by insisting that more people do less work for more money.

## First Aid for Frozen Fingers

A FRIEND of ours who has an English car has been rather smug about a blizzard which has been raging most of this week. When he wants to turn a corner he simply turns a button on his steering column and a lighted pointer wags out from the side of his car to say clearly and emphatically to all who follow: This is the way I'm going. No cranking down a window and shoving a hand into the storm.

English cars have had these automatic signals for years—British law demands them. We cannot for the life of us figure why North American cars haven't got them too.

True, a few expensive models now have direction flashers as standard equipment and in some of the less expensive cars these are optional at extra price. But the English wig-wag is standard on no American car, can be

attached only as a rather cumbersome accessory. And in our opinion it's the most effective signal on the road.

Perhaps it's uncharitable but we have a sneaking suspicion that the U. S. auto makers somehow consider the wig-wag as un-American, maybe even sissified. Borrow a gadget from the English? We can hear them snorting: Never, sir.

In all this we are reminded of the business of the European telephone. It seems only yesterday that audiences in this country were chuckling at those silly-looking double-ended hand phones in European movies. Now we wouldn't be without them.

We can only hope that sooner or later, and we hope sooner, we'll be equally sensible about the wig-wag signal.



# *the DOUBLE FEATURE* *every woman wants...*

*two full size ovens*



"Talk about double features — just look at this banquet-size oven meal — all cooked at the same time in the Moffat 1950 Stylemaker — the only range with two full sized ovens. In the big Bake-Master Oven — an over-sized 27 pound turkey cooked to perfection. And simultaneously in the full sized Grill-Master Oven, my meat loaf, yams, pies and spiced oranges.

Here's plenty of food — all inviting that 'second-helping' look. Flattering to me — and easy, because it's fully automatic cooking — each oven is equipped with a famous Moffat Syncrochime Oven Heat Control."

Exceptional cooking capacity best describes this double oven beauty, for in addition to two ovens there are five surface units with your choice of the famous Moffat Red-Spot or Con-Rad elements. Each element is controlled by an exclusive "fingertip" switch at the convenience level.

See this handsome Moffat Range at your dealer. See the many USE-VALUE FEATURES that make for better cooking.



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## WORK-SAVER RANGES BY **MOFFAT**

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# RHEUMATIC FEVER

Medical science is steadily gaining in the fight against rheumatic fever. While this disease is still the leading threat to the health and well-being of school-age children, studies show that the death rate has been going down for the past 20 years. In fact, during the past 8 years, this decline has been 3 times faster than it was before 1940.

Authorities stress that there is much to be done if our fight on rheumatic fever is to progress still further. Although attacks of the disease may weaken the child's heart and thus require careful medical attention, specialists say that there are 3 important ways in which parents can cooperate with doctors in helping to safeguard their children's health:



**1. By keeping alert for warnings of rheumatic fever.** Loss of appetite, pains in the joints, or persistent low fever may be signs of this disease. Often they are not, but it is always wise to check with a doctor.

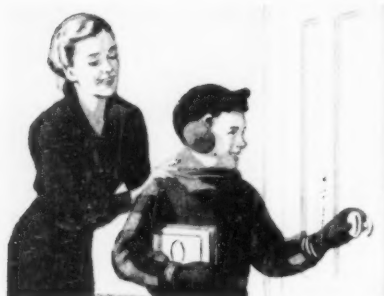
Sometimes rheumatic fever has no symptoms, so it is also a good precaution for the child to have a thorough medical examination at regular intervals.



**2. By following the doctor's advice about treatment in case the child has rheumatic fever.** Doctors often advise long rest in bed to help protect the heart from unnecessary strain.

Parents can do a great deal to make the child's stay in bed easier and more beneficial by finding ways to keep the child occupied and interested. Diversions suited to the individual child are recommended. These may include games, books, and other amusements that do not tax the child's strength.

When the child is allowed to leave his bed, parents should see that he returns to normal activity only as gradually as the doctor recommends.



**3. By helping to guard against recurrence.** One of rheumatic fever's great dangers is that it may strike more than once.

To help guard against this, doctors may advise steps for keeping the child in good physical condition, and for avoiding nose and throat infections which may precede another attack. With good medical guidance, a recurrence of this disease can frequently be prevented.

Research on diseases of the heart is increasing. To aid in this work, 148 Life Insurance Companies support the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund which makes grants for special studies in diseases of the heart and blood vessels. To learn more about helping your heart, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 20-M, "About Rheumatic Fever."

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## In the Editors' Confidence



Berton and "old friend's" wares.

ARTICLE editor Pierre Berton, who occasionally leaves his desk to write an article himself, tells us that his two-part piece on E. P. Taylor was the toughest assignment he's handled. Taylor, it turns out, is a man who doesn't like publicity. Four other writers had started out to do a profile on Taylor for Maclean's, but for a variety of reasons didn't succeed.

When Berton telephoned Taylor he was told: "I don't want the story. If you run it, I'll be badgered by everyone in the country who has a hare-brained financial scheme he wants to sell me."

But at this point Berton had been working on the Taylor story for four weeks and had 70 close-typed foolscap pages of research. He pointed out that, as the story was going to run anyway, they might as well get together. Taylor finally agreed, gave a three-hour interview and ended posing amiably for the picture on page 7 which shows him with a deskful of his brand products.

Berton, whose financial knowledge is limited to making monthly payments on his Austin, spent the first 10 days of the project learning about tycoonery. He haunted Bay Street offices and the neighboring Financial Post, read all prospectuses, annual reports and clippings on all Taylor's companies, then read most of them

again to make sure he missed none of the fine print. After that he interviewed more than 30 associates and acquaintances of Taylor in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa.

"By the time I met E. P. Taylor," he said, "I felt we were old friends."

●Eva-Lis Wuorio, whose story "But I Couldn't Find Picasso" is on page 15, has been to Europe twice in the last year and across Canada another couple of times. When we asked Maclean's prettiest assistant editor to tell us something about her travels she wrote:

"It comes to about 50,000 miles, but somehow it isn't the big things and large numbers that mark any trip. It's all the little ones.

"Like slippers. Every hotel maid from Brandon, Man., to Venice, Italy, and Helsinki, Finland, to St. Paul de Vence, France, has a new hiding place for them.

"And there's money. It's a frightful struggle to try to figure out dollars in francs and francs in lira, and lira in gulden and back to dollars and marks and pounds. And then you land at Gander and find you haven't a single solitary Canadian cent left to buy even a—well, say a postcard.

"But a lot of nice things stay with you too. Like the first view of Paris. It's queer how the same material—stones, bricks, wood, piled up for the purpose of giving shelter—can give such a different face to each small concentration of them. Toronto feels wide, and spacious and new. Quebec has a sense still of being part of the river, carved out of rock. London is all the tunes you ever hummed, all the quotations that crop into mind, names you know. Helsinki is white and desperately proud, still, and sea-free. But Paris is something you've never seen before yet, somehow, paradoxically, never forgotten."



FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE tells us that the model for his cover is a house called Villa des Arbres, near St. Sauveur in the Laurentians. "I moved a station and a mountain behind the house and introduced various characters, all of whom are typical of the region at this time of year," the artist told us. "I made the original sketch in the late fall when it was rainy and dull." As a matter of fact that's the way the ski country weather continued into the new year to the great distress of the resort operators.





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*...it's easier*



*and less costly*



*to...*

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**You Can Rent A New Car From HERTZ As Easy as**



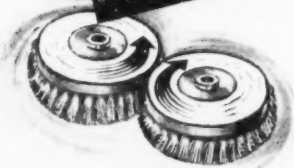
# Here is the great new G-E Floor Polisher

**Floors Glean**

Floors shine as never before . . . everyone will admire them.



**Easy to use**



The G-E polisher is so well balanced that even a youngster can guide it easily with one hand. Brushes rotate in opposite directions to counter-balance one another . . . thus eliminating the tendency to pull from side to side and "run away" commonly found in electric polishers with only one brush.

**Easily portable**



Weighing 16 pounds, it is light enough to be carried easily from room to room . . . yet heavy enough to do a lovely polishing job quickly.

**You guide it, 2 counter-rotating brushes do all the work**

The back-breaking job of polishing floors by hand or with a clumsy, weighted brush is a thing of the past! The General Electric Floor Polisher with counter-rotating brushes does a speedy, gleaming job on hardwood, linoleum and tile floors . . . right up to the baseboard, deep into corners, and close to furniture. All you do is guide it over waxed floors and the two, fast-moving brushes do all the work. Its full weight of 16 pounds rests on the 5½-inch brushes. This weight and the rapid rotating motion produce a long-lasting lustre on your wood, linoleum or tile floors. Ask your G-E dealer to demonstrate this great new polisher.

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC  
FLOOR POLISHER**

**Gets in corners**

As the brushes rotate they flare out, making it possible to polish deep into corners, close to baseboards, heavy furniture and rugs.



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*You just guide . . . it does all the work*

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# E. P. TAYLOR AND HIS EMPIRE

## Part One



You won't find Eddie Taylor's name on any of these national products but he controls them all. This frank series tells the story of our most controversial business promoter

By **PIERRE BERTON**

*We have heard of men of London Town who've gained undying fame  
And men from New York City who make other men look tame.  
But don't neglect old Bytown, or call it slow and dead.  
When it brings forth men like Edward, brilliant Edward, famous Ed.*

**T**HESE LINES, penned in the round handwriting of a contributor to the Delta Upsilon fraternity journal of 1921 at McGill, were intended to poke good-natured fun at a blue-eyed, round-faced young mechanical engineering

student whose preoccupation with balance sheets and annual reports had gained him the nickname of "Overhead Taylor." Today they look prophetic, not ironical, for Edward Plunkett Taylor has more than justified the high hopes of his fraternity brothers and gone onward and upward to become Canada's best-known (though not necessarily best-loved) tycoon.

At 49 he is one of Canada's controversial figures, condemned as a big-business octopus by left wingers, as a beer baron by dry hards, still suspect in many business circles as a flash-in-the-pan phenomenon, lauded in others as a builder of Canadian enterprise who took a chance and won.

To most Canadians he is an anonymity concealed somewhere in the dark labyrinth

*Continued on page 47*



## I SAY THE TORIES WILL WIN

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

Maclean's London Correspondent, himself a Conservative MP seeking re-election to the House of Commons on Feb. 23.

**L**ONDON (By Cable)—Three months before the British general election in 1945 the editor of Maclean's cabled a request that I should predict what was likely to happen. My article appeared in the April 15 issue under the heading "Will Britain Swing Left?" My conclusions as published were:

1. The tide just now is running heavily against the Tories.

2. Fortunately or unfortunately—it is a matter of outlook—Churchill is leader of the Tory party and, although innocent of any of the mud of Munich or the reproach of insufficient armaments, a vote for Churchill (the Socialists will say) is a vote for the world that was and not for the world to be.

3. It is not impossible that the Tory decline will develop into a rout and that the Socialists will emerge clear victors for the first time in their history.

4. My reason tells me that there will be a Tory debacle; my instinct urges me to remember that the Socialists are hopeless tacticians and may blunder at the 11th hour.

Reason was right. The Socialists did not bungle and they swept to power with the irresistible force of a river that has overflowed its banks.

While it is always gratifying to see one's prophecies come true (in this case the gratification was not an unmixed joy) it was highly embarrassing when in the very midst of the 1945 election the Socialists reproduced my Maclean's article here in pamphlet form.

Two years before the last U. S. presidential election I prophesied to editorial chiefs of the New York Times, with whom I was lunching, that Truman would be re-elected.

Finally, in the North Hammersmith by-election in Britain, I told Tory chief Lord Woolton that the Conservative candidate would lose by 1,500 votes. Actually it was 1,600.

Therefore I come before you with some small credit as a prophet and therefore with some misgivings about going once too often to the well.

I admit at once that it is nothing like as easy to forecast the general election on February 23 as it was the election of July 1945. There were at least five crucial moments in the life of the present Socialist Government when it would probably have been defeated if an election could have been forced.

The shocking mismanagement of electricity and coal, which brought about economic disaster in the first winter, was one of the gross miscalculations of the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Hugh Dalton,

which resulted in Britain having to suspend conversion of sterling credits into dollars.

The second, the Lynskey corruption tribunal which brought about the resignation of a minister, might also have defeated the Government.

The sudden devaluation of the pound also shook the nation to its foundation.

Then there was the prolonged dock strike in which the Government showed both timidity and stupidity.

Had an election come on during either of these last two periods I am certain the Socialists would have gone down to defeat. Instead of which they are now going to the country with workers fully employed, with exports but not earnings rising, with the welfare state functioning fairly well, with inflation held within bounds, with trade unions obligingly suppressing any demand for increased wages, with dividends frozen, with subsidies keeping food prices down, and pretty good relations within the Commonwealth and with the Western Powers.

In other words the Socialists hold a good hand. No wonder they decided on a February election instead of hazarding a delay until June.

As a rule political situations are dominated by personalities. The public understands personalities





better than problems and the vote goes more often to the man than the policy. No one can doubt that in the last three Commonwealth elections the personalities of Louis St. Laurent, Australia's R. G. Menzies, and New Zealand's S. G. Holland played a great part.

It is a paradox that practically none of our Socialist ministers could be accurately described as popular. Prime Minister Atlee is respected for his integrity, his modesty, and his respectability. He never whines. He never assumes the role of a tired titan forced to lift the world up with his two hands. He never dramatizes himself nor descends to vulgarity when attacking his opponents. Atlee is a man who invites neither cheers nor jeers. The fact that the great Churchill has failed to knock him out adds to the respect of the people who like to see a little bantam hold his own against a big bruiser.

Herbert Morrison is likeable and clever but just a bit too clever. He thinks quickly and the Brits don't believe quick thinking and sincerity go together. He is the party boss, and if anything happened to Attlee then Morrison would be in the running for successorship. It is his own fault that he is regarded as a trickster first and a statesman second.

Ernie Bevin is weighed down by two things—his failure ever to achieve a real success in foreign affairs and the condition of his heart, which is cause for constant anxiety. Where once he thundered in the House of Commons he now reads his speeches with a dull monotony that almost empties the place. Politics is a cruel game and the spectators demand the players shall be physically fit.

From Falstaff to the lean apothecary . . . from Bevin to Cripps. The British don't know what to

make of this thin ascetic descendant of Yeoman England. They respect him but when he turns up among the people they feel rather like a party of Scots visited by a temperance lecturer on Burns Night.

A lot of Britons squirmed when one Sunday night in January Sir Stafford preached a sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral. It is true Cripps belongs to the Christian brotherhood, and I do not doubt his complete sincerity. He has been known to harangue two political audiences on a Sunday afternoon and then preach in the pulpit in the evening. But does a politician preach in a great cathedral on the eve of an election? Is this not a case of rendering tribute to God and Caesar at the same moment? A lot of people squirmed uncomfortably over the incident. The Chancellor had come up against that implacable English law of what is and isn't done.

## No Idols On The Left

**C**RIPPS, however, could never be popular. His smile is too icy, his virtue too evident, his austerity too bleak. Not even the most alcoholic banquet audience could send him off with "For he's a jolly good fellow." Yet there is a deep respect for his selflessness and for the endless hours in which he labors for the state. After all, the French chose a Corsican to lead them, the Germans followed an Austrian, and the Irish put their trust in a Spanish-American. So, if the occasion arises, it might well be that Cripps would become Socialist prime minister because of his very lack of popular English qualities.

Finally there is that exuberant swashbuckling and able fellow Aneurin Bevan. I have known Aneurin personally for a quarter of a century and

we remain friends, although politically we would cheerfully cut each other's throat. The left wing of the Labor Party follows him with wild enthusiasm as if he were some new modern Danton. They do not realize that actually he is a Victorian leftover giving a first-rate imitation of Lloyd George in middle age.

Bevan hates the rich collectively, but not individually. He refuses to wear formal clothes, even at Buckingham Palace, but he can tell the vintage of a champagne by tasting it. His foolish angry outbursts in which he denounced Conservatives as lower than vermin and declared the British Press to be the most prostituted in the world indicate a cerebral condition which he should watch. On the other hand it makes him a natural leader of the extreme Left.

Bevan's hour will come if the Socialists are defeated. If they win he may find himself just one more man of destiny who never got higher than the steps of the throne.

There are no other senior Socialist ministers who matter. Which leads me to the conclusion that the Socialists are going into the fight without a single leader who is in any way an idol of the people. Actually, there are ministers like poor Strachey, the Minister of Food, who are genuinely if unfairly disliked. Nor is the Minister of Labor, little George Isaacs, likely to be asked to address any rallies of working men during the election.

The Conservatives are more fortunate. In Churchill and Eden we have two men who are greatly loved and admired. Additionally we have Lord Woolton who is gratefully remembered for the way he fed the nation during the war.

It is true that

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**Admitting that British Labor holds a strong hand, Baxter predicts a victory for Churchill because, among many other things, the housewives are sick of Socialism**



Winging high over saw-tooth mountains  
Rory took a gamble with seconds to spare.  
It was Nancy's life and his against the general's



# THE MERCIFUL MISSION OF GENERAL KUNG

By ARCH WHITEHOUSE

**A**LL THIS took place before the Reds moved down to encircle Shanghai and it should be filed in one of those "Now It Can Be Told" folds. Originally the deal had been for a cargo flight from Takhing to Hangchow with about three tons of medical supplies for the Nationalist Army. That was what the General had said when he moved in on Rory Ballard. Rory just figured what was in it for Ballard Air Lines and didn't ask too many questions. The prospects of a new four-engined job blinded him to all ideas of suspicion.

But that's getting ahead of the story.

The morning Rory met the General he had wanted to be alone to think things out till he came up with an idea. It had to be a beaut because the Ballard Air Lines of China needed a king-sized lift if Rory and his tribe expected to go on eating regular.

He had moved into a bamboo booth, lit a cigarette and stared through the blue smoke veil. A fine way to wind up—this! After a fellow does thirty-seven hops over the Hump during the war, picking up a couple of gongs for his "courage above and beyond . . ." and then converts his assets into cash as they say on the financial pages, he promotes himself an airline and kids himself he's big business.

He had made something of a success of it, starting out with a fairly complete Dakota, with Barney O'Brian as co-pilot, navigator and crew chief in his spare time. Then there was Nancy Wickware in the office taking care of the cash (when there was any) and Rory's heart condition (palpitation of the amorette) whenever they could get a minute together.

The Dakota was no Constellation but it had a gaudy insignia on its beak that would have put Trans-Canada or BOAC to shame. For a year they hung on and picked up a few yen here and there; the weather wasn't too bad and as long as the Nationals kept General Mao Tse-tung and his Red hordes up north business smirked now and then.

But gradually it tapered off. They drew a bad landing and discovered the insurance wasn't all it said in the big print. There was business to be had, but a couple of cannon were needed to get the stuff through—and to get back again. It was that sort of business and Rory wanted no part of it. Always played it clean—and safe.

Ballard clamped his long freckled face in his paws and started figuring. Right away he went into the old "let's go home" routine. He could dump the bus for what he could get for it and buzz back to Kitchener, Ont., and take Nancy with him. Could be he could get a job back in Canada and slap a down payment on a prefab bungalow. Funny what ideas a person got just reading four-month-old magazines a few thousand miles from home. Figuring everyone had a teardrop car or maybe a four-place pleasure ship. Figuring only a moron wouldn't be drawing down about ten grand a year and lolling about in a thirty-foot cabin cruiser every week end.

That was how it looked from Takhing anyway.

Figuring that if even fifty per cent of the deal was possible, the going-home idea sounded as though the gravy train would meet them in Vancouver. What it all added up to was that Rory needed dough—with dough he could maybe promote a bigger job, one that came equipped with what was needed. A real cargo carrier with tankage that



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER HEFFRON

would take him places where people would pay for freight movement. A four-engined bus with instruments and oxygen to get over the bad spots—maybe a pressurized cockpit. The business was there if he had the equipment to handle it, but not in that old beat-up Dakota.

He thought: "I'll bet there's a thousand other mugs figuring out the same thing, and I'll bet they're just as blank about an answer too. Unless you're in a scheduled airline job you're for the cleaners. I'll bet there's a million birds like me, with a war in their logbooks; standing in line just waiting for one of those flossy airline jobs back home. I'll bet that line reaches from Toronto to Winnipeg."

Maybe someone rubbed an old lamp in a bazaar on Legation Street. Maybe a Gini got loose somehow. Maybe Nancy back there in the office was

doing some high-pressure wishful thinking. It wouldn't be anything Barney figured out.

Anyhow, out of the last plume of cigarette smoke came what looked like a break. It was a bland-faced Joe in a white coat and black Canton pants modeled after a dried prune. He looked as though he'd been gypped out of his last three meals and was just realizing what had happened to him. He pointed a yellow finger around the booth and said: "This is Mister Ballard of the flying machine."

The No. 1 boy faded back as though he were moving around for a quarterback sneak and up to the line came a guy bigger than Carnera and twice as ugly. He should have been thumbing the edge of a beheading sword with a background of funeral music from wailing pipes and large gongs.

"I am General Kung Hui-moi," the monster opened up. Then he tossed in a grin that brought out his tusk detail. He turned and barked something about two more drinks and when he sat down he clanked.

"We will drink to the business," the General said and grinned expansively. Rory figured the General had picked up the language maybe at some University. It was that sort of English. Mid-West jargon that did nip-ups with the vowels. Not shirt-laundry English. He was a bulky Mongol type wadded into a baggy uniform that fitted like a leaky grain sack. On top of his face was a great fur cap and around him was strapped enough harness to keep a Percheron under control.

Rory wondered what Army he was in because he couldn't figure any of the verdigrised ornaments he had loosely pinned about his quilted toga. There was no mystery about one item, however. Kung sported a Mauser machine pistol half as big as a French 75. It hung under his chin like a lavalier and there was enough leather in the holster to half-sole a landing barge.

"I have business for you, Mister Ballard," Kung boomed, hauled in his paunch while the bar boy deposited the drinks and put on that tusk grin again. "Good business—for you."

"I should know better," Rory reflected while he stared down at his drink. "What sort of business?"

"A mission. How you say—mission of mercy!" the big Mongol beamed and reminded Rory of a newly cut cheese.

"Knock it off," Rory said impatiently. "What sort of business?"

"For our gallant troops—medical supplies."

"Whose gallant troops?" Ballard demanded figuring the deal was sabotaged already.

"Mister Ballard!" the General gasped. "A cargo of medical supplies in support of our great cause." Kung looked like a betrayed hippo about to burst into tears.

Rory studied the character for nearly a minute. "That line would go good, put to music," he taunted. "Just where did all this mission of mercy stuff come from?"

"It is, or was, surplus stocks left in Burma. It is sorely needed in Hangchow, my friend."

"I was a sucker for asking," said Rory moodily. "Let's have it in short takes. I fly a cargo of medical supplies to Hangchow, just foot plasters and hot-water bottles. No atomic bombs or gun cotton. That sort of a deal."

"Exactly! A mission of mercy in which you should be proud to participate."

Rory said: "Okay! Now what's in it for me? No medals, Continued on page 38



Flair and fragrance, poise and grace — critic Sinclair waxes elegant. Above, secretary Arlette Lefebvre. In Montreal's Carrousel Club (below) ash-blond Helen Gosselin makes buying cigarettes a pleasure.



## The Most Girls Live In

By GORDON SINCLAIR

WHEN I am in Montreal I sometimes stop at the information desk in the foyer of the Dominion Square Building and play a slightly wolfish, harmless and extremely fascinating little game with Paul Berlinguel. Paul, who has the bearing of a movie diplomat, the voice of Charles Boyer, the manner of a marquis, and the penetrating eye of a house dick, can usually tell the instant a girl walks through the massive doors almost 100 feet away whether she has a French or English background.

The game consists in trying to outguess Paul. This is tough because he is rarely wrong. However, I've learned how Paul can tell.

I'm no yogi or voodoo master of the black arts but in my book the reason you can spot Canadian girls is that they have more individuality than their English-speaking sisters have now, ever did have, or ever will have.

And another thing I've discovered is that, for my dough, they are the most attractive group of girls in the country.

They have personality, and that's something you can't buy, beg, steal or borrow. It's like red hair; you've got it or you haven't. The Canadian girls have. They've got personality, vivacity and quality.

They've got flair and grace and these are pleasant and useful things to have. They are debonair and winsome and these are engaging things to be.

They have laughter, sex appeal, fragrance, style, poise or what they call chic, but above everything else in this packet called personality they have animation and animation is both lure and life.

This animation is part of the picture from romper days through school to the bridal gown to maturity, and with maturity there comes a new age with new compensations—the age of tranquility.

In girlhood our French-speaking sister is usually one in a large family and thus she has but little chance to seek or seize the undivided attention of mother or dad to the selfish exclusion of others.

In maturity she is usually the rallying point for a family of her own. She has the toniclike knowledge that she is needed and wanted and that gives her a radiance delightful to see.

One recent Saturday I was in a narrow little side street near the employees' entrance of the great Dupuis Frères store in Montreal when several hundred young women came tumbling out.

Their laughter and gaiety were infectious. Many had worked long and trying hours behind their counters and many had grubby little homes to go to, but as they spilled into the street you'd have thought each one was Cinderella on her way to the biggest party of her life.

Even on rainy days it's so.

Even when the week-end prospect is a crowded car ride to a walkup flat their attitude says: "Here we are, free at last. Let's have some fun and find the big surprise."



# Glamorous In Quebec

One winter morning several years before the visit to Dupuis I had the luck to get aboard a cruising French liner at Port Moresby, the main port for New Guinea, and sail, by leisurely steps, to Singapore. Her passengers were largely the idle rich of France together with a few Canadians and I had fun because the voyage took 19 lazy days.

With a Quebec girl, Suzanne Jacques, of Montreal, I had long palavers and thus learned that Sue and her type had a much different approach to marriage than did our English-speaking girls.

Sue had no use for that ridiculous and unworkable philosophy called romantic love. She didn't believe the Hollywood hokum that once a man and a maid go to the altar their amorous problems are automatically solved and they'll live happily ever afterward. Sue and her sort identify that lie for what it is. The delusion that marriage is, or will be, a perpetual extension of courtship with children as some future possibility is not part of the Gallic theory.

Canadien girls realistically approach marriage with the realization that a family is not some vague and speculative adventure over the horizon but the very purpose of the union. And they are the better for it, spiritually and physically.

The home is the foundation of the nation and of civilization and the girls of Quebec have a greater awareness of this than have the others.

For 15 years now I've been loose-footing it by ship, plane, train, camel and car. Been all over the place many times. Crossed all the continents, all the seas except the Antarctic, bedded down in 88% of all the countries, and been plenty homesick too.

Naturally enough, homesick or not, a chap's bound to do a little research into the subject of home-town women. From the tawny temptresses of Siam and South China to the goona-goona girls of Bali or the blond and blue-eyed maids on Bavarian mountains, I've seen none to excel, and few to equal, our Canadien girls in the twin fields of mobile or expressive faces and gay laughter.

There is laughter that's cynical and laughter that's cruel. That's not the kind I'm writing about. I mean the laughter of

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From the blondes of Bavaria to the goona-goona gals of Bali, Sinclair took a long look before handing out his laurels to the mademoiselles



Globetrotter Sinclair falls for Quebec personality. Yvette Gerin-Lajoie (above) has what it takes. They know the family is the foundation of the nation. Camera catches (below) Mrs. Jeanine Patenaude.



# BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

## For Taxpayers, Some Small Mercies

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

EVER SINCE ex-President Hoover drafted his plan to streamline the American bureaucracy Canadians have been asking, "Why can't we have a Hoover Commission in this country?"

In a quiet way we've been having one. Two years ago the Civil Service Commission set up a special branch to advise departments how to get more work done with fewer people. It's beginning to show results. Examples:

One department asked for an extra duplicating machine (price \$2,175) and a couple more typists. The commission's efficiency experts moved in for a few days to see how the department was using its present staff and equipment. They showed how a much greater volume of work could be handled by the old machines, with six fewer typists. Saving to the taxpayer, \$11,570 a year, plus the lump sum that wasn't spent for the new duplicator.

A records division in the Agriculture Department was appalled to find that new registry regulations for cattle would triple the work of its staff. They called frantically for more help, more space, and some advice on how to handle this avalanche of work. The experts discovered that records had been kept mainly by pen-and-ink entries. Punch cards were installed; the same old staff can handle three times its former volume of work with rather less effort than before. Estimated annual saving, \$50,000.

It's very difficult to get an aggregate figure for the savings thus effected, but they are beginning to run into millions. The experts rarely have to push anybody out of a job—the staff they release from one office goes to work in another. But the Civil Service as a whole reduced its annual intake in 1949 by 1,024 below the 1948 figure—this in spite of the fact that the work of government services is still expanding.

The pruning is still going on. Not long ago the commission stumbled across this situation: One government department wants some printed documents for its Toronto office; the documents are printed by a Toronto firm. But for years the department has been placing its orders with the King's Printer in Ottawa; King's Printer orders the documents sent to him in Ottawa from the Toronto print shop; then he sends them to the department's headquarters in Ottawa, and thence they go back to Toronto again. Nobody has yet figured out the saving of money, time and exasperation if the documents were simply sent from the Toronto print shop to the Toronto office that needs them.

WHEN the federal-provincial conference on the Constitution reassembles it will probably be in Quebec City. Premier Duplessis has invited his fellow delegates there and Ottawa, for one, is all for accepting his bid.

In fact this invitation is regarded as one of the most hopeful signs to emerge from the preliminary session. Premier Duplessis was cheerful and friendly all through that week in Ottawa. Pessimists kept their fingers crossed, still thought Maurice would torpedo the conference whenever it looked safe to do so.

As the week wore on, though, the number of these pessimists diminished. There was a moment, when the 11 attorneys-general went into private session to draft the outline of an amendment method, that the conference seemed about to founder—argument was still polite, but it was sharp. Then, miraculously, it all smoothed out again; each side gave a little ground and the committee was able to produce a unanimous recommendation.

It's true that the real arguments are still ahead but if there is good will on all sides it should be possible to work out a formula within the framework of that recommendation. Duplessis' invitation is regarded as proof of such good will on his part and he is the man on whom most doubt had centred.

ONE reason why the January conference did so well: Ottawa and the provinces all realized, as they did their homework for the January meeting, that almost any formula for amending the Constitution would leave them all better off than they are now.

As the provinces studied the federal government's last change in the B.N.A. Act (allowing Parliament to amend it in federal matters) it dawned on them that Ottawa's power to change the Constitution is now unlimited. Britain's Parliament will pass without debate any amendment the Canadian Parliament asks. The present Liberal Government is bound by its own solemn and repeated pledges never to ask for an amendment affecting provincial rights unless the provinces consent. But there is nothing in the law to prevent some future federal government from abolishing provincial rights altogether.

This, of course, has always been true, but not everyone had fully realized it. The provinces, at the January conference, seemed aware for the first time just how vulnerable their cherished rights now are.

Ottawa also has little to lose. On paper its rights to change the B.N.A. Act are unlimited; in practice all amendments affecting provincial rights must wait for unanimous consent. It took five years to get all nine provinces to agree to such a simple and beneficial change as the inclusion of unemployment insurance among federal powers. It's hard to imagine an amendment procedure that would be more cumbersome and rigid than that.

JIMMY SINCLAIR, parliamentary assistant to the Minister of Finance, is visiting eight European capitals on his present trip and one of them is Belgrade, Yugoslavia. As a present for Marshal Tito Jimmy took along a copy of Fitzroy Maclean's book, "Eastern Approaches."

Maclean was the British officer parachuted into Yugoslavia in 1943 to be liaison man with Tito's partisan army. His book is a thrilling and delightful story which does paint a very likeable picture of Tito. External Affairs people agreed that it would be an ideal gift for Tito, except for two drawbacks: (a) Tito can't read English; and (b) he already has an autographed copy of "Eastern Approaches," presented by his good friend Maclean.

SINCLAIR'S purpose in touring Europe is to find a way of spending about \$70 millions worth of "soft" currency owed to the Canadian Government by eight Allied countries.

Just after the war, and before UNRRA began to operate, Canada and the United States offered help to the devastated countries through a program of "military relief." Food, clothing, equipment, services were supplied out of the war budgets of the North American allies, but the money was advanced as a loan, not a gift. The debtors are now anxious to repay, but they can't pay in dollars. The debt is to be paid off in the currency of each debtor country and therefore must be spent within that country.

One way to spend it will be to buy embassies and legations. Canadian missions are living in rented quarters in every one of the eight capitals. The legation in Yugoslavia is particularly ill-housed, in an old rented house with seedy furniture and inadequate space. In Paris, Canada rents a big pleasant house but pays a fairly steep rate for it and wants to move out into a permanent embassy. Real-estate deals are cooking in all eight capital cities.

The balance of the

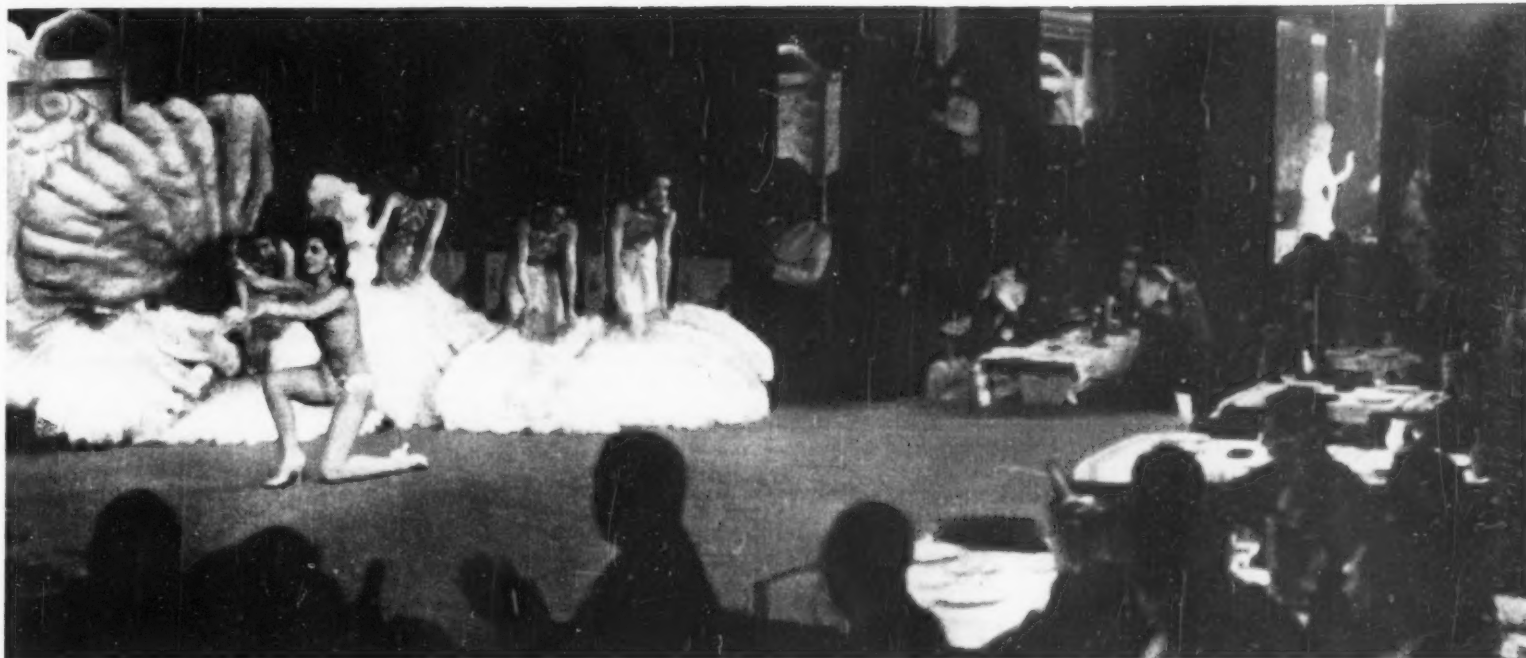
Continued on page 51



Cartoon by Grossick

The experts want more work out of fewer people. They're beginning to get results.





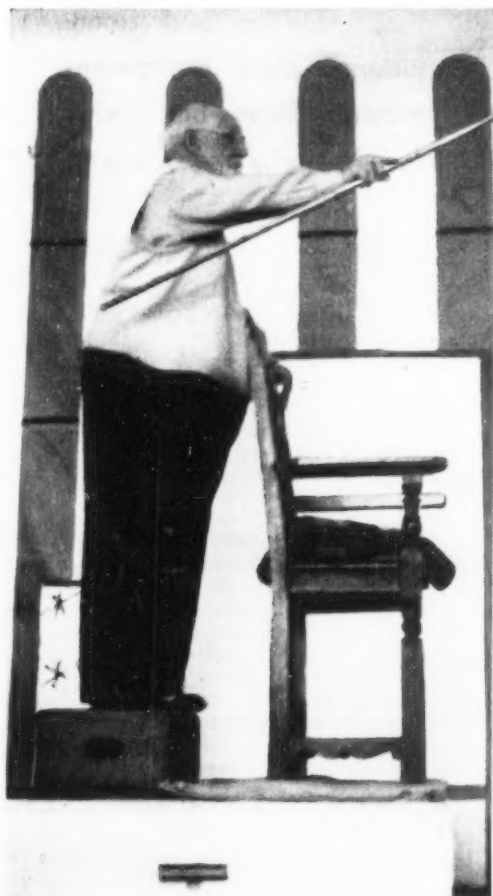
PHOTOS BY WIDE WORLD AND CHAPELLE DE VENICE

Still the same crowd of cynical cosmopolitans, and gawking tourists, in Paris to seek the spice and the sophistication.

## But I Couldn't Find Picasso

We sent Eva-Lis to the Continent to talk to Picasso. She met Matisse, an exiled gangster, maybe saw the bones of St. Peter — but, sorry, no Picasso

By EVA-LIS WUORIO



Matisse was a gay old man in a cat-filled bed. Monks in charcoal manned the walls.

THERE WAS the painter Matisse, a big, gay old man, enthroned in his huge cat-filled bed in Nice, and the sun pouring in through the palm trees. There was Inez, the New York Negro in her little *bistro* on the Left Bank, singing her snappy songs and hospitably including us in an incredible party. There was Charlie "Lucky" Luciano in a Roman restaurant with his friend the ballet dancer, talking of "back home in the States" where he never could go again. There were, too, the odd encounters on the Orient Express, the marvelous meals over the Atlantic, the stealing of grapes from the Isserts' vineyards on a mellow, moonlit November night, the "presentations" at Parisian *couturiers* and the Russian countess who went to sleep, the Finn from Chicago in a French bar, the troubles with Rossellini, and the elusiveness of Picasso.

There was, for that matter, the Sunday in the catacombs beneath St. Peter's, the rainy night in Venice, getting lost in Padua, and duck shooting on the marshes at Portogruaro, near Trieste.

All of it now is taking sort of a prismatic pattern where, depending on the slanting light of memory, each event stands out in turn, complete in itself, and only vaguely connected by the air-borne miles to anything that went before or after.

I suppose the over-all impression is that of speed and space and how quick and immediate the world has got to be since the days when one was small and distances immeasurable.

I'd flown to Europe in the spring on KLM, the Dutch Airlines, but the excitement was there again as the silver Air France ship lifted up from Gander field, in Newfoundland, eastbound.

It was late October now and ahead was fall in Paris and snow in Vienna, rain in Italy—not tulip time in Holland and the gentle, slow spring of Finland.

In between had been summer in British Columbia and the Rockies and on the piney islands of

Georgian Bay; and autumn on the Saguenay and the St. Lawrence, and on the hills north of New York, and in Caledon outside Toronto.

The hours you remembered, and the distances you'd covered, in less than 12 months fell to place in that timeless, undisturbed airlift from Gander to Paris.

I like the flight. And the dinner. There, over the Atlantic, clouds drifting palely over a silver sea, hum of engines droning in your very middle as they warm to their transoceanic crossing, dinner is served. It's quite a thing.

The steward comes forth ceremoniously with choice of vermouth or Dubonnet cocktails, and *hors d'oeuvres* of anchovies, caviar, smoked salmon, olives, a cold leeklike vegetable with delectable dressing, a jellied egg—I put off reducing until another day. With

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"Lucky" Luciano: "How are things back home?"



# VICTORIA: TWEEDS IN EDEN

COLOR PHOTOS BY CLELAND KENT

By BRUCE HUTCHISON

**S**PEAKING not quite as an Early Victorian but at least as an indisputable Mid-Victorian, I'm glad I knew Victoria before its fall.

Even fallen it is a pretty good place to live in, among a hundred thousand postgraduate Canadians, half a million rose bushes, enough daffodils to turn the nation yellow with envy, a hundred imported English skylarks by my last census, one sea serpent named *Cadborosaurus*, plenty of assorted lunatics to make life saner than anywhere else and a civic mentality which baffles the psychiatrists.

But Victoria is not what it used to be in my boyhood half a century ago. Perhaps, like all boyhood memories, it never was.

Anyway, it's not what you think. More nonsense and gush have been written about Victoria than any spot on the map of Canada, including poor old Toronto. The Little-Bit-of-England legend was a cold-blooded commercial invention of the advertising blurbsters and the tourist hucksters, but with continual polishing it has taken on a hard glaze of truth.

One Victorian's confession, such as I am making here, will hardly leave a scratch on it.

About as Quaint as Niagara

**T**HE LEGEND, which magazine writers are forever reprinting because they are too busy to dig for the subtler facts, holds that Victoria is not only English but, God forgive our boosters, quaint. We are about as quaint as Bay Street, Portage and Main or Niagara Falls.

According to the legend, we never work but spend our time between cocktails and golf—we who have hewed a city out of rock hills and jungle and must earn a living with no resources save beauty, an unexportable commodity.

Also—and this really hurts—we are in perpetual dampness, sluiced by the Pacific clouds which move inland, *enceinte*, to drop their offspring on our doorstep; when in fact our inadequate rainfall of 27 inches is half of Vancouver's and our long summer drought would ruin the grain industry of the parched prairies.

The legend is only accurate, though a trifle exaggerated, when it describes Victoria as an unbroken bed of flowers for we are, I suppose, the maddest gardeners since Eden was closed. God did not have to give us memory, as to other people, to enjoy roses in December—a few lonely splashed buds, that is.

Though the legend has always fooled the stranger it has never fooled us. We always knew that Victoria was not an imitation of England or anything else, but a genuine original. Up to this writing we have kept the knowledge to ourselves for sordid financial reasons. The result has been disastrous.

The Canadians and Americans, even the English, took our absurd pretensions seriously. They poured in here and, having average intelligence, refused to go home again. If there ever was any truth in the legend its believers have finally destroyed it. The invasion has built a modern Canadian city but it has blotted out Victoria. The barbarians could not defeat us in fair fight. They drowned us in sheer numbers.

We felt like the Romans when the tribes came down out of the north. It took us some time to

realize that the invaders were harmless, and a little longer to convert and civilize them. Now they in turn are horrified by the latest waves of migration.

We must now face the undoubted statistical fact that nine out of 10 Canadians have a secret ambition to leave home and settle here in their old age.

Prairie wheat farmers will raise tulip bulbs here. Iron-breasted tycoons from Toronto will live on a cow, some chickens and a few gilt-edged securities. Statesmen from Ottawa, like the tired Roman emperors, will grow cabbages and gradually become cabbages like the rest of us.

Every tongue and dialect in Canada is now heard upon our streets, babbling the memories of far-off places, until we are the crossroads of Canadian anecdote. Canada will soon find itself an appendage to the southern tip of Vancouver Island and the island is hardly buoyant enough to stand it. We are watching the water level closely.

Discounting the legend for the commercial fake it is, truth forces me against my will to admit that Victoria is still unique. Avoiding exaggeration, I will say only that it is the loveliest place in America—a tweedy, daffodilish, green-fingered sort of place, a golfish, fly-fishing, 5 o'clock-teapot place, a thoroughly crazy place, more interested in aphids than America, in caterpillars than civilization, in salmon than socialism, in DDT than CCF, in manure than Marx.

These are mere externals. The important thing is that even the avalanche across the Rockies and the sedimentary layers of new population could not quite bury the original bedrock.

There is a secret life here still, which no stranger will suspect, which we guard as a sacred flame and worship in secret, a rite which we do not whisper even to ourselves. But we always know a Victorian at first sight under any disguise. The mark is on his face. The accent, just slightly English and never quite Canadian, is on his tongue. The mystery is in his heart.

While I cannot tell the secret if I would (Kipling himself tried it and failed miserably) the outer form of the Victorian perhaps can be catalogued.

If a composite week-end photograph were taken of him it would reveal a gardening man in a tattered tweed jacket and patched flannel pants, a trowel in one hand, a fishing rod in the other, his pocket full of golf balls, his face smeared with paint from his boat at Cadboro Bay. But this same fellow, I regret to say, will be at his office or bench promptly on Monday morning.

We once had a local poet who wrote poetry so bad as to reach the sublime and become a forgotten classic. But he knew his Victoria. Among his collected works, which were mimeographed and stolen by me from a leading undertaker (who could not grasp their import), were a few stanzas, influenced, I feel sure, by Rupert Brooke's ironic ode to Grantchester. They caught in rather snooty doggerel the gulf which the Victorian privately sees yawning between him and the less fortunate cities of Canada:

*Montreal is full of poses,  
Halifax of cold blue noses,  
Toronto's good but, God, how stuffy,  
And Ottawa is proud and puffy;  
St. John is grim-faced, old and soggy,  
Vancouver stinking-rich and foggy,  
Winnipeg is zero-minus,  
Cold has burst Regina's sinus,  
Calgary is wild and vinous;*

*Folks get spavin, heaves and loose-jaw  
Breathing in the winds of Moose Jaw;  
I've been long persuaded that  
Medicine talks through its Hat;  
A buffalo or frozen loon  
Might choose to live in Saskatoon;  
Edmonton with oil is slimy,  
Hamilton with toil is grimy.  
Poor tundra creatures, bones aquiver,  
Born to never-ending shiver,  
God gave them mem'ry to remember  
The cold neuroses of December,  
While every creature in Victoria  
Lives warm with nature in euphoria.*

Like Kipling, our poet pried in vain at our secret but it has been lying around here, inviting examination, for a long time.

Young James Douglas must have guessed it when he built his little wooden fort here to keep the Americans where they belonged south of the Straits of Juan de Fuca (only to have them return

Interested in aphids rather than America and caterpillars before civilization, Victoria hides her secret face behind a phony legend

a century later, armed with dollars more deadly than muskets, bless them).

All the old Victorians knew it—the Pembertons, Finlaysons, Helmckens, Creases, Tolmies and Pooleys. That incredible and illegal jurist, Chief Justice Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie, grasped it better than the others and invented certain curious local ceremonies to express it. Among them were Saturday night dinners, very holy, for the local clergy until 9 o'clock and then all-night poker parties for the boys; garden parties when cherries were tied to all the bushes around the tennis court for the convenience of the players.

Those were the great days of Victorianism before its dilution—a beneficent medievalism of huge, dark and draughty homes on Rockland Avenue, pompous levees at Government House, titles conferred on substantial campaign fund contributors, a Society which kept the rest of us in our proper stations and government by the Right People.

All gone now, swept away by the avalanche. It has left behind only a few mossy houses, some ancient ladies denned up in the Empress Hotel to drown their memories in afternoon tea and a dozen inmates of the Union Club, each clutching his private and labeled pot of marmalade as he comes down to breakfast in the morning.

All gone, but a few of us remember the secret of our fathers and live by its rules while accepting the outward manners of a barbarous age. Don't expect me to be

Continued on page 32



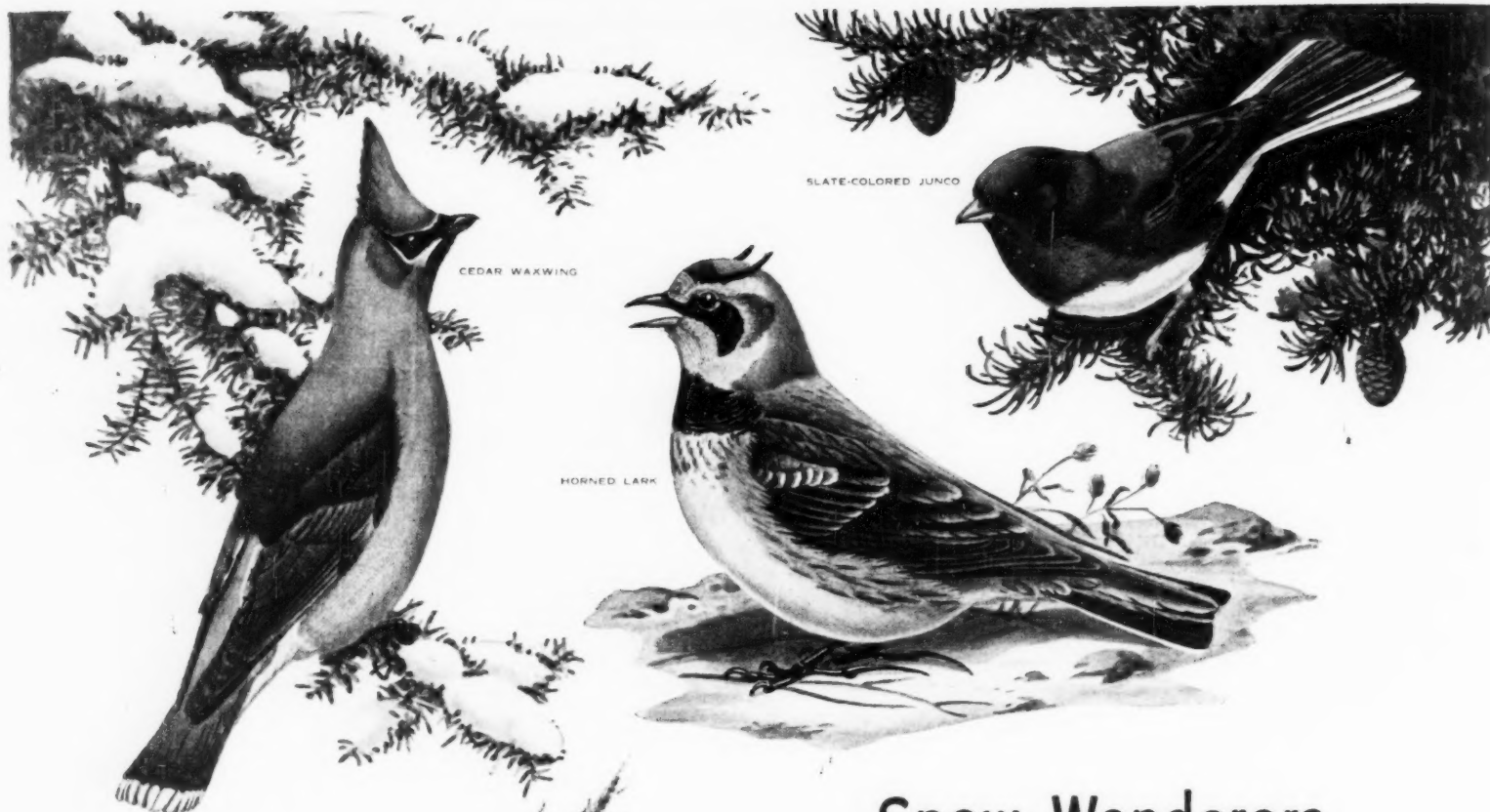


Young James Douglas built a fort on Vancouver Island to keep the Yankees south of Juan de Fuca. But now they invade Douglas Street with desirable dollars.

Your true Victorian wears tattered tweeds and flannels, has golf balls in his pockets, a trowel in one hand, a fishing pole in the other. And he's an expert at minding his own business.

A 6-foot-6 bobby guards Government Street. The flowers on the lamppost are just a tourist lure.





CEDAR WAXWING

SLATE-COLORED JUNCO

HORNED LARK

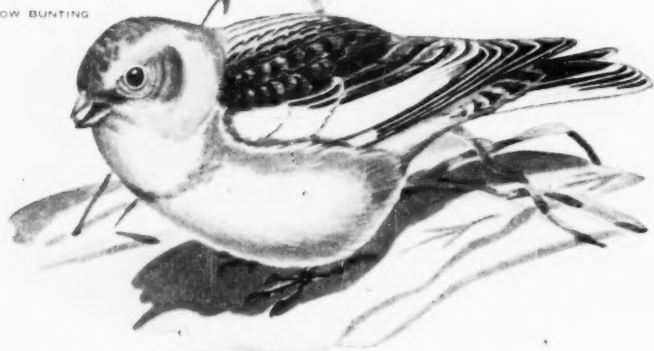
## Snow Wanderers

Windy gusts chase clouds of snowflakes about the wintry fields. Tiny shapes, like icy crystals come to life, dart among the frozen weeds. And in the hedges, more feathered forms find sustenance despite the chilly blast.

The driving snows seem to have little effect upon these winter birds. They go their ways with the most bitter weather, seeking their food on windswept fields and plains. Their cheerful activity lends warmth to the icy bleakness of the barren spaces. Their diet is composed of weed seeds for the most part, with a few frozen berries and wild fruit.

Look around your own neighborhood at any time—you'll be amazed at the new world of nature to be found right on your own doorstep! Appreciation is the first step toward protection. Once you've discovered nature, you'll want to keep it unspoiled.

SNOW BUNTING



LAPLAND LONGSPUR

T.M. Shortt

1 © 1945 CARLING'S

# CARLING'S

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*Nature Unspoiled* - YOURS TO ENJOY - YOURS TO PROTECT



**Why store up your sorrow? Have a good cry and get it over with. That's sound advice when you read what can happen when you keep a stiff upper lip**

**By RONALD HAMBLETON**

**S**UPPOSE your child, your mother, or your best friend died tomorrow. What would it do to you? How should you behave? Should you let the tears flow, or determine to "put a brave face on things?"

You can never tell how you will act until the calamity strikes. But grief touches every life some time and it's a good idea to think about it calmly in advance.

Grief can cause great changes, both physical and mental. One man will complain of waves of physical distress, another sighs continually, another has a hollow feeling in the stomach, choking, difficulty in breathing. There may be loss of muscular power, an upset in the stomach, food may taste like sand.

There may be a feeling of unreality, an aversion to one's best friends, a feeling of guilt toward the dead, a continual preoccupation with the past, anger against oneself, aimless thought or actions, a tendency to immoderately long sleep, or insomnia. Some people neglect their appearance, others become unduly finicky. These are all symptoms of a universal and inescapable emotion: grief.

Here are the true stories of two women widowed by war. They show dramatically the two extremes of grief reaction.

In September, 1917, a young woman in Chelsea, England, counted the long days until her soldier-

fiance would come home on his first long leave. That leave was to be their honeymoon. Six days before the wedding date the official notification came—he had been killed in action.

The girl donned heavy mourning and to this day has never put it off. She is a familiar, pathetic figure on Chelsea streets—dressed in black, her face whitely powdered, her whole behavior testifying to her wrecked hopes.

Twenty-seven years later, in Western Canada, a young wife suffered the same kind of loss. Her husband of two months died of wounds in an English hospital. She received the news a day and a half before an important social affair at which she was to be the hostess.

But she went through with it, and those who

had not been told of her loss would never have guessed it from her attitude. No doubt she did her grieving in private, but in public she met the world with no apparent change in her life.

Which attitude was the healthier? Why, in one case, did grief mean a complete renunciation of life, and, in the other, a strong display of courage? Between these two extreme attitudes lies the great forest of bewilderment in which most grief-stricken people are trapped at some time or another.

Grief has been called the "unpredictable emotion." Consider these two Toronto men whose wives died during the war.

One, a traveling salesman in his late 50's, survived his wife by only five weeks. He literally died of grief.

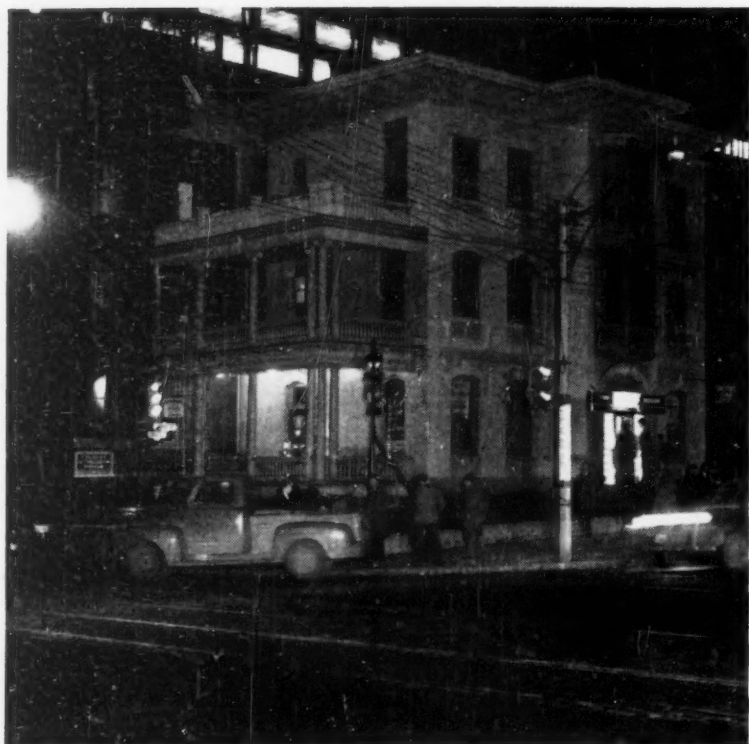
*Continued on page 31*

## **DON'T BOTTLE UP YOUR TEARS**

Delayed-action grief can become morbid. Years after their bereavement, American mothers wait at dockside to greet their war dead.

PRESS ASSOCIATION





The corner of Jarvis and Dundas. Toronto's policemen know it well.



Crumbling mansions and stately elms look down on a shoddy present.

## THE STATELY STREET OF SIN

By GRATTAN GRAY

**I**N TORONTO they tell the story of a deaf old man who got on a streetcar and asked repeatedly to be let off at Jarvis Street. Finally the conductor shouted: "You won't miss Jarvis Street. There'll be two cops on one corner. There'll be a police cruiser on the opposite corner. There'll be a motorcycle on the third corner. And on the fourth corner there'll be a paddy wagon."

In due time the car stopped at the corner of Jarvis and Dundas Streets. The doors opened. But the old man couldn't get off. The paddy wagon was in the way.

It is perhaps unfair that the 14 city blocks which make up Jarvis Street should have won the reputation of being the wickedest in Canada. Yet from coast to coast Jarvis is certainly spoken of as the Wicked Street. Did it not nurture Mickey McDonald, Canada's Public Enemy No. 1? Wasn't it the headquarters of the notorious Polka Dot gang (who wore spotted masks)? Isn't it true that Toronto's No. 2 police station handles 70% of the city's crime—half of it from the Jarvis district?

It is. Yet it is equally true that the flamboyant Dr. T. T. Shields' solid brownstone Baptist church stands on Jarvis Street. From this pinnacled edifice a drunk and his mother were once hurled by police who arrived in response to frantic calls from radio listeners who caught the disturbance during the church's Sunday broadcast. The CCF's provincial headquarters is on Jarvis Street and so are the key studios of the CBC's two national networks, housed in a rambling brick structure which was once the prim and proper Havergal girl's school.

The most expensive flophouse in town (BUNKS—\$1 per night) where you hang your clothes on the floor and sleep nine men to a room, is on lower Jarvis. But so is the Canadian Audubon Society,

an organization devoted to the examination of birds—queer and otherwise—of which the street has many varieties.

Mixed drinking is legal in all Ontario taverns serving beer—except on Jarvis Street where men may not enter the "ladies'" section. For the street has long been known as the home of the prostitute and the procurer. But it is also known as the headquarters of the YWCA, the South African War Veterans, the Canadian Red Cross, a United Church women's residence, and the Red Spot Nut Co., Ltd.

### Fist Fights are the Fashion

**F**OR JARVIS STREET is a 14-block paradox. Its austere elm-fronted Georgian mansions, with cupolas and towers, stand almost shoulder to shoulder with its leprous yellow warrens of tenements.

From the north end the street with its Romanesque doorways and wrought-iron railings looks solid, quiet, bland, genteel and bourgeois. From the south end, with its beehive-busy market and its liver-brick factory buildings (floor waxes, soda straws, cured meats, nuts), it has a bustling mercantile look. Between these two extremes lie the cheek-by-jowl rooming houses and the big neon-rimmed hotels where beer flows like water and fist fights are the fashion on Friday nights. In one of these hotels police recently arrested the kingpin of a bogus \$10 counterfeit gang.

It is this central area that has given the street its reputation. From these two blocks jovial Detective Harry Sutton's plain-clothes squad made upward of 150 arrests last year—bookmaking, prostitution, bootlegging, and drugs.

The story of Jarvis Street with its stern old houses

and crumbling tenements, its old ladies in lace chokers and its young men in peg-cuff strides, is really the story of an expanding industrial town grown too big for its breeches.

In its day Jarvis was Toronto's swankiest street, the home of the Mulocks and the Masseys. Then, as industrial growth pushed and shoved its way toward the outskirts, the residential areas moved north and west and the "best" people moved with them. Today Jarvis is to Toronto what Washington Heights is to New York or the West End is to Vancouver. The stately mansions of half a century ago are the office buildings and tenements of today.

Jarvis is one of Toronto's oldest streets. It was the first in the city to be paved. Its de luxe grey sandstone sidewalks, the most expensive available, were laid in 1890 and are still there. For 50 years the street was considered the best residential area in town.

It was named after the Jarvis family at the end of the street when it was a cart track with stumps. Old William Jarvis, a husky, six-foot, wealthy slaveholder, was secretary to three lieutenant-governors of Upper Canada. His son, Col. Samuel Peters Jarvis, took over as secretary when his father died.

As a teen-ager Sam killed his best friend in a duel and was acquitted. (His father was foreman of a jury which acquitted another duelist years earlier.) He built a home of solid brick with black walnut fittings at the point where Jarvis and Shuter Streets now intersect in the core of Detective Sutton's plain-clothes beat.

In those days it was pastoral country. In the immediate area there was a swamp for snipe shooting, a stream for trout and a forest for deer. The house was torn down in 1848 when Jarvis



Street was extended north to its present length.

In those days Jarvis was the hub of the city. Toronto's City Hall stood at its lower end. (Said one writer of the day: "It stands upon ground said to be permeated with poisonous matter and some of its rooms and offices are a menace to life.") Its front entrance is today part of the St. Lawrence Market.

At Jarvis and Queen "Wholesale retail Pete Macdoug," a town character renowned for his canniness, ran his emporium. His reputation for marking up his stock was widespread. Burglars once broke into his store. They left a note behind explaining why they hadn't stolen certain articles — "they were marked too high."

The White Swan tavern stood at the foot of the street facing Market Square. Its built-in national history museum contained stuffed birds and the wax figures of General Jackson and other notables. Wags broke into the museum one night and hung the figures on a tree overlooking the harbor.

Across the way the great corniced St. Lawrence Market did double duty as a public meeting place. Here, in 1834, the wooden galleries were crowded with townspeople listening to Col. Jarvis attack the mayor for increasing the municipal tax. The audience stamped its collective feet in applause and the gallery gave way, impaling many of the applauders on the sharp, upcurved iron hooks of the butchers' stalls.

Several died in agony and dozens were injured, including 14-year-old George Gooderham, of the famous distilling family, whose imposing three-story home was on North Jarvis. Gooderham's son, yachtsman and whisky baron George Horace Gooderham, lived in the home until he died in 1919. Now the turreted mansion is headquarters for the Big Brother Movement.

Young Toronto's most solid citizens lived in the present slum area between Queen and Dundas. The city directory of 1882 lists such bourgeois families as Capt. Charles Perry, insurance agent, R. G. Trotter, dentist, and D. M. McDonald, barrister. The once proud mansion of the French Vice-Consul Charles Rochereau de la Sabliere is now one of the most dilapidated houses on the street—a tenement run by the City Welfare Department.

Farther north lived some of Canada's oldest families, the Kents, Lamports, McColls, Gooderhams and Ryans. Hart Alnerrin Massey, founder of Massey Hall, lived at the corner of Jarvis and Wellesley. He left an estate of \$1,700,000.

A few doors away from the Gooderhams Sir William Mulock lived. Others moved away but Sir William stayed stubbornly on until he died in 1944, the last reminder of a gilded age. Today his home with its big Gothic window and square tower is occupied by the Salvation Army.

Now once again, as Toronto enters a new stage, the character of Jarvis Street is changing. It is fast becoming one of the city's main traffic outlets. The pavement has been widened since the war. A \$7 million improvement is under way at its north end to whisk traffic into the mushrooming suburbs. Building along its upper length has been restricted to hotels and dwelling houses but property owners are plumping for a by-law revision so that shops and business blocks may replace the brave old rambling homes.

The Robert Simpson Company has bought up

12 lots on central Jarvis Street (pushing out the little Gothic Unitarian Church where Julia Ward Howe once preached) and is planning a new building.

With these signs of new respectability there's optimistic talk on Jarvis about the street becoming Toronto's Park Avenue and a petition is going the rounds to change the name to Mulock Boulevard.

#### A Slippery Ladder Through Time

**B**UT IT IS the Jarvis Street of today that people mean when they shake their heads at the mention of its name. Not long ago a Toronto schoolboy got a newspaper route on Jarvis. His horrified mother yanked him off it when she found he had to deliver to the beer parlors which crowd its central section.

A trip from north to south along the street's gentle gradient is like climbing a slippery ladder through time and through the gamut of the social scene. The only way to judge Jarvis Street is to see it in all its moods along its length from 100 years ago to 12 o'clock last night.

At the southern end of the street at a quarter

to 6 in the morning the early sunshine forces its way through the soot-scarred windows of the thrice-built St. Lawrence Market and lights up the activities of Mrs. Sam Fretz, a Mennonite farmer's wife from Stouffville, Ont., who is unloading her husband's truck and arranging the produce in serried rows upon her counter. The market stands on the site of older markets and encompasses the old city hall. Here Jenny Lind once sang beneath the high, girdered ceilings. Now you can buy rugs, shirts, sequined bows, cactus or "fresh grined coffee" from the kerchiefed, sweated women at its stalls.

At a little before 8 o'clock Fred Allison, a young man badly crippled with arthritis, makes his way on crutches toward the Society for Crippled Civilians' factory where he works as a clerk.

A few minutes later Margaret Wilson and Constance Hummell hurry by to beat the time clock at the Bell Features printing plant (comic books: Law Breakers, Tex Taylor, Love Romance, and Li'l Willie).

And at the corner of Jarvis and Front, leaning against the wall of the Graymar Hotel, three old men point with their

*Continued on page 37*

PHOTOS BY NOTT & MERRILL



Dr. T. T. Shields' Baptist church lifts a warning spire to its worldly neighbors.

**Cops in pairs walk a busy beat today on the Jarvis Street that knew Toronto's quality in a golden age**

# Flight Through Solitude

By HAL BORLAND

**W**HAT did a man do when success turned to ashes in his mouth? A man like Jeffrey Grant, who took his law degree at 22, earned his wings, was a combat pilot nearly four years, and came back to a job with Fleming, Carson, Williams & Fleming. A man who had just won his first big case at the age of 30, and who now was filled with world weariness.

What did such a man do, at such a time?

He had been trying to find the answer for two days and a half, ever since the beginning of the trip. After he and Andrea had lunch in Walterboro, he began to relax from sheer fatigue. Andrea saw his fingers loosen on the wheel and his shoulders settle back, and she said, "Not far now, Jeff. A good bed tonight, and a long rest ahead."

He nodded and glanced at his wrist watch.

Andrea laughed. "Still counting minutes. I thought we were only going to count days and weeks, this trip."

Jeff glanced at her and smiled. "Know what I was thinking? Two and a half days, and we've just sat here and let the miles flow past."

"That's a weird way to look at it."

"It's true. I just sit here and wiggle the wheel, and the road flows under and the woods and fields flow around. Pretty soon we aren't where we were. We're almost where we're going to be. Time means distance, change, new surroundings, new ideas."

"I don't get it."

"Remember when you were a kid? And the days were endless?"

Andrea shook her head. "I never had enough time. Not for homework, and dates, and parties."

"When you were a little kid. When you could dream a whole lifetime in five minutes. Or go off to Africa or Australia in one flash of imagination."

"I was more interested in my own town," Andrea said. "My first beau lived there. He was 12 and had a pug nose. I was 10."

Jeff glanced at his watch again, then lit a cigarette. Another hour and a half and Andrea's mother would be saying, "Ann, you should have brought him home sooner. He's thin and tired, poor boy." She always said that, even if he was ten pounds overweight. But this time she would be right. He was thin, and he was tired. Ten months on the Chase-Martin case. After it was over, and won, old J. T. Fleming had said, "A splendid job, Grant. But you are bushed. Go away for a few weeks."

"I thought you had orders to get away from it all," Andrea was saying. "To take it easy."

Jeff laughed. "I am taking it easy, and we are getting away from it all. Didn't I point out that I just sit here and let space flow past?"



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUCKHAM

"Must we get philosophic?" she asked. "Smell that pine air? Relax!"

Jeff yawned. "Want to take the wheel a while?" he asked.

She said yes, and he drew up and changed places with her. She waited for a truck and two cars to pass, then took after them. Jeff leaned back and closed his eyes. But he didn't sleep.

**T**HE summer he was 10 they went up to the place on the lake. He was a good swimmer and could handle a canoe, so he could go anywhere he pleased, if he told somebody he was going. One day he went across to Kiner's Point, alone. It was four miles across the lake. With a tail wind he made it in less than an hour. He had a dollar in his pocket and all day ahead of him. He helped a man patch a sail, bought hot dogs and coke and ice cream, watched the little kids fish for sunnies from the dock. Then it was 3 o'clock and he started home. But the wind was still blowing, so he couldn't make headway.

What did you do in a spot like that? You went around the edge of the lake, where there was shelter. Ten or eleven miles, that way. Dark when you got home, and the folks were frantic. Searching parties out. Motorboats probing the coves with searchlights. Everybody worried. "You were gone so long!"

But it wasn't long. You simply paddled back from the Point, not stopping anywhere. They had kept watching the clock, and the clock said it was a long time. And they never understood.

Or take the day you met Ann. You met her,

and you knew the first evening that you loved her. You had a thirty-hour leave before you had to go back to the base, and from there to England. You asked her to marry you, and she said, "But how do you know, so soon? You've scarcely met me!" Yet you had known her a long time. Thirty hours was forever, then. Men had loved a girl and left her with child and climbed into the air and killed and been killed in no longer a time than he had known Andrea Langley.

"So soon." How long was time, anyway? What did it do to people?

Last week Jeffrey Grant stood in court and quoted words set down as truth and dictum by a man dead sixty years, and another man in black robes solemnly reached across the decades to lean on something called a precedent and say Jeffrey Grant was right and someone else was less right, hence wrong. What was a precedent? It was one man's decision made sometime in the past. Was it right, or wrong? It wasn't either, necessarily. It was one man's version of right and justice at a given moment in time. Yet it could shape events still to come. Words out of the past, set down and remembered while time stretched across the years, had put Jeffrey Grant and his good wife, Andrea Langley Grant, in an automobile at this particular moment.

What was the answer?

Jeff opened his eyes and looked around. He stretched and glanced at his watch.

"Catch a nap?" Andrea asked.

"Umm . . . Pull up, will you, and let me take over. You know this road too well. I never get to see anything, this last stretch, you drive so fast."

**T**HE Langley house was ante bellum, spacious, inconvenient, and comfortable.

Mrs. Langley affectionately scolded Andrea for letting Jeff get so thin, said they both needed sun and air and rest, and in the same breath listed four dinner parties and three afternoon gatherings arranged for them.

After dinner they sat over coffee in the drawing-room until 9.30, when Jeff fell asleep in the midst of one of Mother Langley's genealogical accounts of a recent marriage. They sent him to bed.

Why was it that a man utterly weary could sleep like a babe in a stiff chair in a drawing-room with two voluble women talking, and lie awake for hours in a comfortable bed in a room so quiet you could hear the creak of a hundred years in its beams?

When he dozed off, at last, Jeff dreamed of England; of an air base in the misty English countryside. Time was interminable, the time of waiting. Waiting. You never got used to it.

You ate and drank and slept, and you went over to where your ship stood, grey in the slowly eddying mist, and you

*Continued on page 26*

He was not running away from anything or anybody; there could be no escape. The woman he loved could not help him; no mortal but himself could break the shell of time





A GROUP of 474 Canadian and U. S. senior high-school students were asked to write essays outlining their main impressions of their biggest neighbor.

One Canadian high-school boy chewed his pencil for a while, could only write: "Crime in the States is astounding. Weapons are easy to obtain and anybody out of a job joins a gang and becomes a gangster."

Another said: "The U. S. is a hotbed of hustling, flag-waving, gum-chewing men and women . . . funny characters who talk through their noses."

An American wrote: "Canada is no country. It is just a province of England."

Another: "The people of Canada do not live as freely as we do because they are ruled by a king. They are subdued like the people in England."

And another: "I wouldn't mind living in Canada if it got its independence from England."

Sixty per cent of the Canadians and 80% of the Americans gave answers ridiculously wrong when asked the population of the other country, and 179 Americans could not name Canada's capital.

Only 36 Americans could name three important Canadian cities without getting in at least one from Mexico, South America or Europe. Several put Havana in Canada. One wrote down Liverpool and Glasgow, added a postscript, "I am ashamed to say these are the only Canadian cities I know."

This international quiz was conducted in 1948 by the Canada-U. S. Committee on Education, a nongovernment body which studies the effectiveness of education in the two countries in enabling citizens of each to know and understand the other. The result of the quiz was published late last year.

The students questioned were 218 pupils of Quebec high schools and 256 pupils from New Orleans. A similar test before the war covering 2,400 students in both countries revealed the same appalling ignorance.

The tests were clinching proof that Canadian and U. S. schools teach very little about each other. But the joint committee expected just such results, for their surveys have revealed that school courses in both countries neglect or gloss over the essential features of the geography and history of the other.

Worse than mere neglect, the surveys have uncovered the alarming fact that textbooks carried in every schoolboy's bag are rife with prejudiced, nationalistic, one-sided statements and glaring omissions of a sort that can foster only misunderstanding and animosity.

When an American student writes, "Life in Canada is rigorous and healthy for it is all ice and snow there," it could be very amusing if it weren't for the fact that, out of ignorance such as this, wars and depressions are born. While we blast the Kremlin for keeping the Russian people befuddled about the rest of the world we do the same thing, only less expertly, at home.

Says Z. S. Phinister, superintendent of Toronto public schools and an authority on international textbook studies: "Erroneous textbook teachings, which foster misunderstandings and prejudices, are a barrier in the road to peace."

One U. S. writer-educator made his own personal survey of American textbooks five years ago, concluded bitterly: "I now understand why diplomats, politicians and tycoons, all of them

## BATTLES AND BLUNDERS IN THE SCHOOLS

By FRED BODSWORTH

Are Canadians ruled from England?  
Are most Americans gangsters? To  
students on both sides of the line  
the answers are "yes" far too often

educated men, can utter such gruesome nonsense and blunder whole continents into war. These textbooks furnish the grounds of ignorance and self-assured folly. A bad textbook—and there are libraries full—is a carrier of mental infection."

The Canada-U. S. Committee, founded in 1944, is composed of 20 prominent educators, 10 from each nation. Canadian members: Dr. C. E. Phillips, professor of education, University of Toronto; F. K. Stewart, secretary, Canadian Education Association; Dr. L. W. Shaw, deputy minister of education, Prince Edward Island; Dr. Florence Dunlop, school psychologist, Ottawa; B. O. Filteau, deputy minister of education, Quebec; Dr. M. E. LaZerte, dean, faculty of education, University of Alberta; Abbe Arthur Maheux, Laval University, Quebec; D. C. Munroe, director, school for teachers, Macdonald College, Quebec; A. McCallum, deputy minister of education, Saskatchewan; Dr. R. G. Trotter, professor of history, Queen's University.

### The Drum-and-Buckshot History

THE committee warns: "The present happy relations between Canada and U.S. must not be taken for granted. During more than a century of peace there have been few decades without occasions for disagreement, and there will be such occasions again. Only an adequate understanding of Canadian-American relations by the rising generation will prevent these occasions of difference from growing to dangerous proportions. Educational agencies are not now discharging these responsibilities in full measure."

The "educational agencies" are certainly not! In the prewar questionnaire, when 1,200 students of each nation were asked if forts and guns should be placed along the border, 444 Americans and 240 Canadians thought it would be a good idea.

When the committee fine-combed U. S. history textbooks, it was found that only 2.4% of the

contents refers to Canada. One book used in thousands of U. S. elementary schools is 315 pages long and contains half a page on Canada. A senior high-school text, 420 pages, has two and a third pages on Canada. Of 23 U. S. histories examined, one gives a fairly complete account of Canadian confederation, two mention it casually, 20 ignore it completely.

Canadian history textbooks contain considerably more on the U. S. (30 books examined average 13% American material) but most of it is the drum-and-buckshot history of battles and military heroes. Canadian histories are reeking with Yankee gunpowder, contain only a pallid and watered-down version of the growth of good will during the past 135 years.

Professor E. L. Daniher, of the Ontario College of Education, who assisted the committee in its textbook survey, says Canadian history texts display "a lamentable, ill-concealed inferiority complex. There is an all-too-obvious anxiety to excuse ourselves from blame. Our opponents were in the wrong, or unfair, or possessed advantages; we were in the right and honest, but handicapped."

A blanket criticism of textbooks of both countries is their emphasis on war and conflict, their lack of attention to economic, cultural and social interrelationships. We teach our children a lot of twaddle about bemedaled generals and battlefield slaughters, we tell them little about

the Bantings and Edisons who changed the lives of men. One Canadian history contains 36 illustrations, 20 of them of war.

The colorful and romantic period of Canada's 18th century is virtually the only Canadian history American students learn. It is a good beginning, the stage is set, but the real show doesn't come off. Americans leave school with a picture of a Canada of fur traders, missionaries and scalping Indians. Many of them died without knowing that Canada is different today.

One U. S. high-school text mentions the names of 15 Canadians of this early period, including such obscure characters as St. Isaac Jogues and René Goupil, but it doesn't mention a single Canadian historical character after Wolfe's capture of Quebec. In fact, in 23 history books examined there was only one casual mention of a Canadian who lived after 1759—William Lyon Mackenzie.

But the most glaring omission regarding Canada in U. S. textbooks is that the books rarely make clear the fact of Canadian self-government. Americans learn nothing of the development of Canadian nationhood. One of the reasons is that other nations of the western hemisphere achieved independence by spectacular revolutions—something the historians can sink their teeth into—but Canada achieved it gradually and unobtrusively over a century. So American pupils still read, "Today, on the mainland of North America, England alone retains any possessions—Canada and British Honduras."

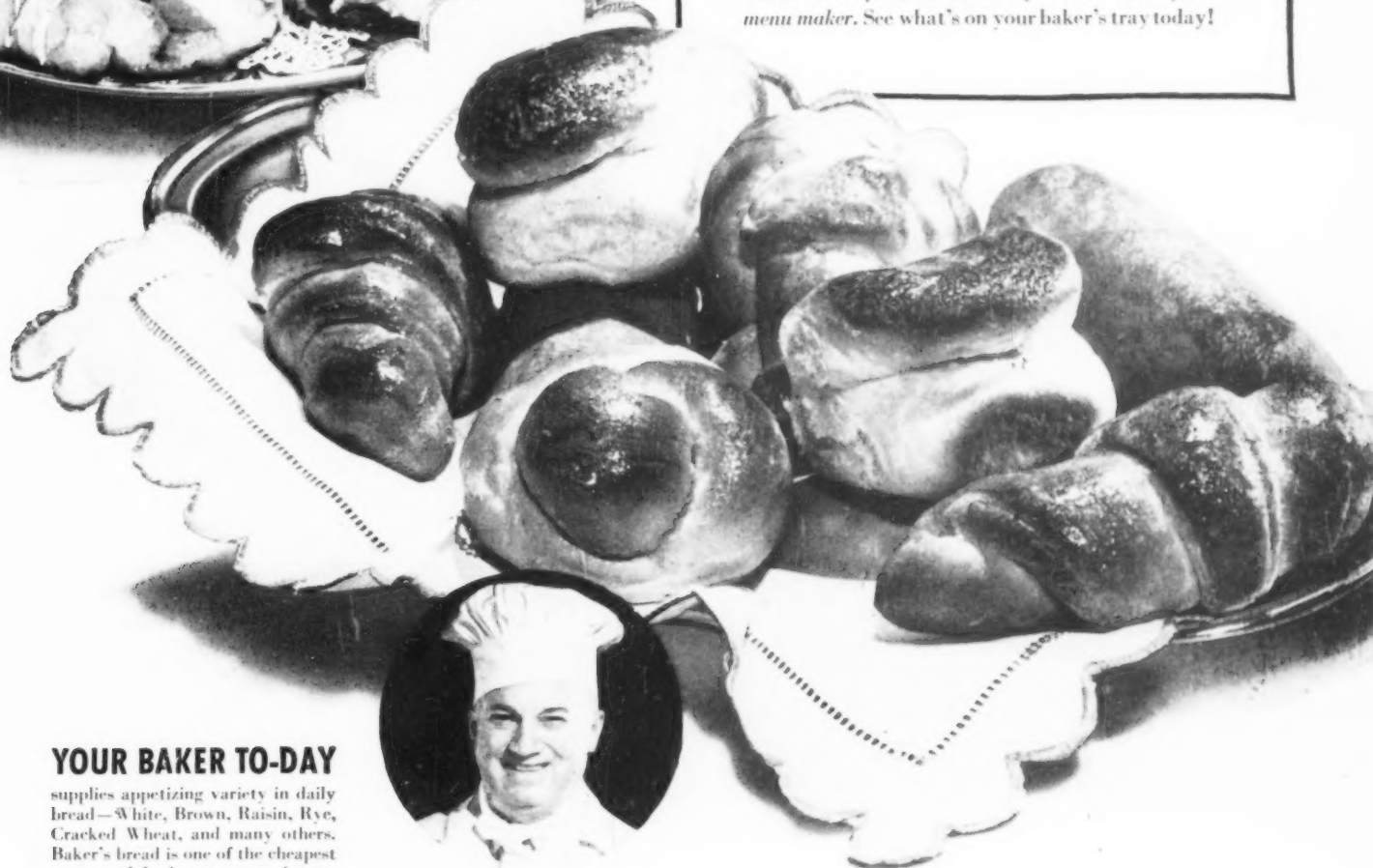
Failure of the U. S. to understand the independent status of countries within the British Commonwealth caused America to oppose the six votes of the British Commonwealth in the League of Nations and led to the breakup of the league. And failure of the average American to recognize the autonomy of Canada and other Commonwealth countries is still a stumbling block in the path of international co-operation *Continued on page 34*



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## Flight Through Solitude

Continued from page 22

talked to Casey who was working on one of the motors. He finished, and started the motor and revved it up, and you listened to the high-pitched, passionless bellow of the exhausts. It never screamed until it was in the air. It, too, was waiting. Then you walked back across the field with Casey and watched him start overhauling a motor on a stand. A messenger summoned you to the briefing room. Another mission.

You took off and climbed and took your place up there, remote from the earth, where there were neither hours nor minutes. Only seconds, eternities. You set your throttle and the earth turned slowly beneath you. Dark specks appeared in the sun in front of you. A few eternities passed, a few seconds. The specks spat flame. You sent flame back. Men died . . .

He awakened, tense and quivering, and winced as the beams creaked again. His mind knew but rejected the fact that he lay here in a bed in the peaceful house of his wife's childhood. His mind raced on, remembering. The specks spat flame, and men died. And after more seconds you turned back and the earth spun the other way. England was beneath you and you came down on the landing strip, down to hours and minutes once more. Men had died around you, and you still lived. The wind sock still pointed northeast. Casey was still overhauling the same motor, the coffee urn still gurgled the same black, bitter, scalding brew. Men who hadn't lived an eternity, as you had, asked, "Where? How? When?" You tried to force your mind to reconstruct the broken flashes of reality. And there was creeping time again, with no relation to the eternity you had lived.

ANDREA tiptoed in just before midnight. Jeff heard the door open. He sat up and switched on the bedside light.

"Darling!" she exclaimed. "I didn't mean to wake you!"

"I was awake," he said; and at the tone in his voice she came over and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"What is it, Jeff?" she asked.

"What's wrong?"

He shook his head. "I don't know, Ann. I'm lost. I've lost—the meaning. Things have to add up."

"And they don't?"

"No . . . I am a lawyer in a world which pays lip service to law, yet lives by force. I am alive in a world which venerates the words of dead men. I have lived a lifetime in forty seconds—and I am so tired that I need a few weeks to rest up . . . What does it add up to?"

"Do things ever add up, completely?"

"They should."

"But do they?"

"I have to add them up."

She put her hand over his and held it there a moment. Then she turned out the light and began undressing. There was moonlight in the shining live oak leaves outside the south windows.

"I'm a heel," Jeff said, still sitting up.

"But not a complete heel . . . Will you square it with your mother, after I go?"

"Of course."

He bit his lip, hearing the warmth of understanding. Then she asked, "When?"

"Dawn, if I wake up."

She came over and kissed him, and the moonlight was there in the room.

HE LEFT before six the next morning. He drove south.

There was one satisfaction. He

wasn't running away from anything or anybody. He wasn't running away, period. Andrea was the one woman in the world for him. What other woman would have understood so completely last night? Not only last night, but all these months. This wasn't something brand-new. He had been baffled for a long time. It merely came to a focus now, a point where he had to find the answers or settle down to a compromise. And he was a poor compromiser.

What did you look for, when you reached that point? For your lost childhood? Some men did. Tried to go back and recapture the little raptures of childhood discovery, the security of home and parents. And it was a fruitless search. Childhood was for children.

He had welcomed the adventure of growing up. Anyway, he had left his childhood. He was not seeking it now. He had been south only four times. A total of twelve days. He had flown to Florida from Africa once and from England three times, with problems. Then his problems had been placed before the Air Force Tactical Board, the big brass, the wise and knowing brass. Tactical problems, they were; and the Board had worked them out and he had flown back with the answers.

Could that be it? The answers? It seemed ridiculous.

That was the year he was 24. Twenty-four and called brilliant, a pilot with a law degree behind him. He laughed at it, then. Trained in law, due process. And living in a world where the order was knock 'em out, chop 'em to pieces, kill 'em. The only due process was a faster plane, a deadlier weapon. You didn't argue with a 40-mm. slug. You set your own precedents, here and now.

You came back, when it was all over. You sloughed off those years, those lives you lived, those eternities. You came back to law. And the law reached back to England, back to Rome. Your inner self said you weren't living in Rome or Gladstone's England; you were living in the now. But you put on the law, the tradition, the precedent, the antique cloak of time and due process, as you would put on an undershirt. You wore it because it was a part of your uniform. It served a purpose. But you couldn't find the purpose.

If you could only reach a point in time or reason, a place removed and stable and enduring, and get a perspective!

MIDMORNING, and noon, and early afternoon. He came to the orange groves, cool and mingled green and gold. The lakes brown in shadow, blue in sun, where gulls wheeled and squawked and squabbled for bits of bread a little girl scattered in the water. And the white houses of Orlando in the live oak shade.

Orange Avenue lay hot in the afternoon sun, its awninged shops strangely busy. Old men in white shirtsleeves sat in the semicool of the hotel lobby, waiting for dinnertime. Their wives, in printed silk, waved palm-leaf fans and watched the red-haired girl at the cigarette counter.

Jeff Grant signed the register and followed the boy with his bag to the room. It was a small room, hot from the closed-in air of the day. Even when the windows were opened, the curtains hung limp, letting in only the street noises from five stories below. He listened for the drone of planes. It was a long time before he heard a single plane, high and in the distance.

It was a strange town. He had been here before, but it was all strange now.

Continued on page 28



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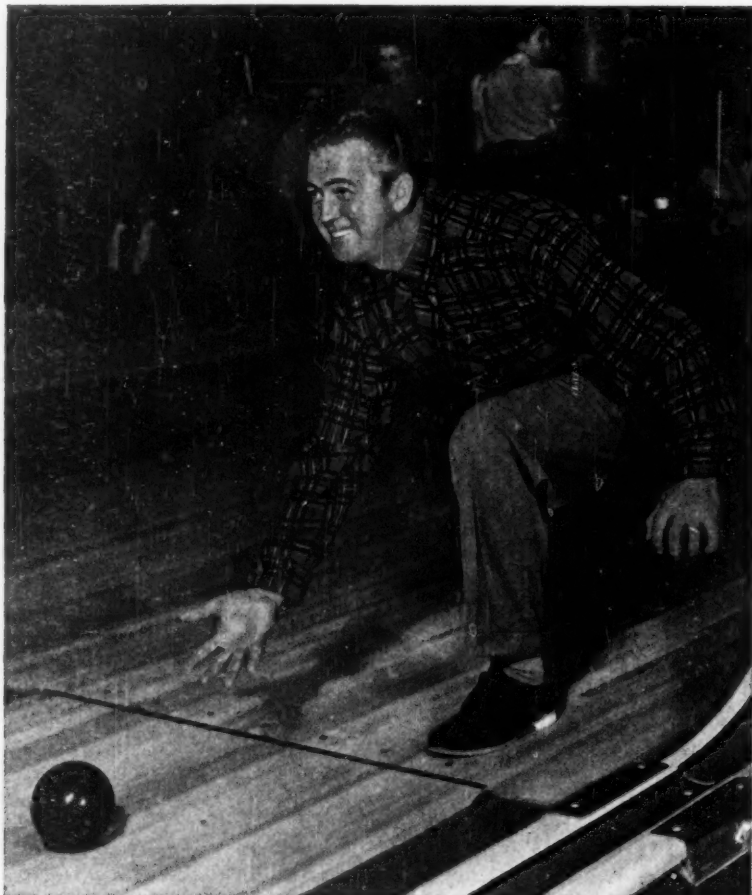


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*Continued from page 26*

He took a shower and went downstairs and got in his car. It was almost five o'clock. He had to ask his way out to the air base.

He drew up at the sentry post. The young guard, who couldn't have been a day over twenty, asked for his pass. He had none. The guard frowned and shook his head.

"I used to fly in here from England," Jeff said. "I just wanted to see the place again."

The guard wasn't listening. A first lieutenant, on foot, was approaching from on the post. The guard snapped to attention and saluted.

"Any cabs around?" the lieutenant asked.

"Sorry, sir," the guard said. "Hasn't been one since four o'clock."

"Going to town?" Jeff asked.

Then the lieutenant noticed him. "Yes. I'd sure appreciate a lift."

"I'd like to take a turn around the base before we go," Jeff said.

The lieutenant hesitated.

"I was down here during the war," Jeff went on. "Happened to be in town, and came out to see it again. But I haven't any pass."

"Your name?" the lieutenant asked.

"Grant. Jeffrey Grant."

It meant nothing to the lieutenant. "Any identification?"

Jeff went through his wallet. Driver's license. Club card. At last he found a dog-eared identification card, dated 1943, with his picture and thumbprint. The lieutenant looked at it, stepped into the sentry booth, signed a pass. Then he got in beside Jeff.

"Straight ahead, Major," he said. "Remember your way around?"

Jeff soon found that he didn't. The roads seemed to have been moved, the landmarks taken down. The buildings looked drab. The officers' club, beside the little lake, was clean and clipped, but only three cars were parked there. They passed the old Bachelor Officers quarters before Jeff recognized them. Then they were back on the main street, with the gate ahead.

"Look familiar to you?" the lieutenant asked.

Jeff nodded. It didn't look familiar at all. It, too, was a strange place. Time lay upon it like a blanket. And he was outside the blanket.

THEY DROVE back to town, the lieutenant talking and Jeff saying yes and no but not listening. The man had nothing to say. Nothing at all. Jeff let him off at a long, low double house where a tired girl with a baby in her arms waited in the doorway.

He drove back to Orange Avenue and parked his car and went into Mack's restaurant. It seemed small and quiet. A tall girl in a white dress took him to a little table against the wall. Before he studied the menu he looked around. There were only two uniforms in the whole place. This wasn't Mack's. Mack's was always full of uniforms. Full of noise, life, laughter.

A waitress came to take his order. While she wrote it down he tried to place her. Something about her face—no, it couldn't be. That girl had been young.

He looked again when she brought his food. He asked, "Were you here during the war?"

She looked at him with tired eyes. "I've been here forever," she said wearily. "Coffee now, or later?"

"Iced coffee, now . . . Are you Edna, or Marie, or who?"

"Marie," she said.

"I used to be out at the air base. Do you ever see any of the old crowd from out there?"

"One man came in here crying drunk

last winter. We had quite a time with him."

She went to get his coffee. When she came back she said, "Why should anybody come back if he doesn't have to? . . . Dessert?"

"No." He was thinking how old she was, and how young she had been. So little of life had left so bitter a mark upon her.

When he had eaten he went down to the lake with the bandstand and sat on the grass while the dusk deepened. A radio began to blare in a house somewhere in the darkness behind him. He watched a breeze creep across the lake, ruffling the shallow water. Perhaps in another half hour it would reach up and rustle the curtains in a hot little fifth-floor room and some of the trapped heat of the day would vanish.

He got up and slowly climbed the hill toward the hotel.

THE NEXT morning he drove east. East through the pinelands to the coastal marshes with their primitive odor of salt and fish and muckland. Just outside Indian River City he drew up for a Negro boy who was hitchhiking. The boy got in and sat gingerly on the edge of the seat.

"Where are you going?" Jeff asked.

"New Sumerna," the boy said.

"You live there?"

"I'm going to get a job there."

"Doing what?"

"Fishing. Don't you know about the fishing boats at New Sumerna?"

"I've heard of them. Your father a fisherman?"

"My father's dead. A cotton-mouth done him in." It was a factual, unemotional statement.

"When was this?"

"Day afore yesterday."

It was several minutes before Jeff asked, "And your mother?"

"She died two years ago."

Jeff waited again before he asked, "How old are you?"

"Twelve," the boy said.

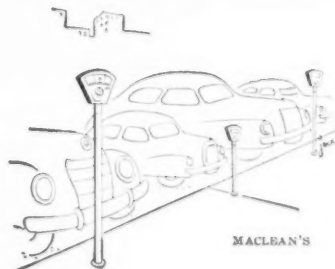
They lapsed into silence. The boy had nothing more to say. He had said it all. Life, and death, and survival. What more was there?

When Jeff let him out in New Smyrna the boy thanked him and walked away, looking around him. It was a strange town, but he was no stranger there. And Jeff envied him.

In early afternoon he came to Daytona, turned at a cross - street, passed the water-front park and crossed the bridge to the peninsula and the beachfront. He was hungry. He stopped at a little place with a shrimp sign, a pinball machine and a counter.

A girl not more than seventeen was behind the counter, and a man in a white T-shirt was at the grill frying bacon. Jeff ordered shrimp and French fries. The man scooped shrimp into one wire basket, potatoes into another, and set them in the kettle of hot oil. The oil splattered and the man winced, slapped his right arm, rubbed it, held it to the light. Jeff saw the blue outlines of tattooed air corps wings on

*Continued on page 30*



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Continued from page 28  
the arm. The man felt Jeff watching him. He grinned and shrugged his shoulders.

"Flack," he said with a grimace. "I call it flack, when it spatters that way." The girl giggled.

"She never heard the word," the man said. He scooped up the shrimp and potatoes, arranged them on a platter. The girl set them in front of Jeff.

"There ain't no such word, is there?" she asked. "He just made it up."

"Yeah," the man said with a wink. "I dreamed it. Right?"

"I dream that word sometimes, too," Jeff said.

"Long time ago, ain't it?" the man said. Then, shaking his head, "She never heard it." He made himself a bacon sandwich.

IT WAS four o'clock when he left Daytona. The miles flowed past and he came to a place where the ocean was close on his right, the dunes on his left, not a house in sight. Jeff stopped and found a sheltered spot in the dry sand and sat down. He closed his eyes and listened to the slow roar, the endless surge and flow of the waves. He tried to count the surges, to time them; but the beat was irregular within its own rhythm. It was like trying to time the wind in your face. It was time, beating, beating, missing a beat, then beating again.

Rain awakened him, rain on his face. It was early dusk. He hurried to the car. The rain increased and the wind rose with it. As he drove on north, great splashes of spray slapped the windshield.

Then the road turned inland. He had only the rain to face, and the headlights bored a tunnel through the darkness. At last the flashing beam of a lighthouse cut the darkness. He passed a small settlement, came to a bridge, and the lights of St. Augustine were ahead, just across Matanzas Bay.

He tried three hotels before he found a room. Once there, he was too weary to go downstairs again for food. He lay down and slept.

IT WAS midmorning when he awakened, the dazzle of sun in his eyes. He bathed and shaved and dressed. Then he went downstairs.

Across the street was a grassy park where the weathered brown-stone walls of the old Spanish fort stood bastioned against the sky. Fort San Marcos. He stared at the walls a moment. An old place. That was all. Old.

He climbed the stairs to the roof, where squat muzzle-loaders once lobbed iron balls out across Matanzas Bay. He went to a parapet. There was nothing to see. The moat, with a school of lazy fish in the shadowed water. Grass. A few twisted trees. The old town dozing in the sun.

He found a ledge and sat down. He closed his eyes, and he seemed to hear the surge and flow of the waves he had heard the afternoon before. Had he thought, or had he dreamed, that it was the surge and flow of time, beating, beating, missing a beat, beating?

A woman, obviously a schoolteacher, was saying to her companion, "The Spanish came in 1565 and held St. Augustine till 1760. Then the English . . . the Spanish again . . . The Americans . . ."

Jeff got up and moved. He went to one of the corner sentry boxes. He had to stoop to look through its porthole. As he turned away he barked his knuckle on the stone wall. Rough, sharp stone, a conglomerate of little seashells. Coquina rock, they called it.

He went across and sat down again on the low ledge. The whole fort was made of coquina rock. Shells heaped on

the ocean bed and cemented together, through the centuries, by lime leached out of them by the sea water. You could quarry it with a spade and an axe, it was that soft. But when it stood in the sun it hardened. The shells in it weren't any bigger than a fingernail. They were so fragile you could crush them between your fingers. Yet coquina rock, the sum of those fragile shells, made walls strong enough to endure for centuries.

He heard the drone of an airplane high overhead, faint as a mosquito buzz. It didn't make sense, airplanes and coquina rock. The centuries, the aeons, shouldn't be spanned that way. But there they were. Time, beating like waves, beating, and missing a beat, and beating again. Men themselves spanned the centuries.

Here he was, he who had lived eternities while the clock ticked seconds, come here to stand in the footprints of a man unknown and forgotten. A man who lived and loved and searched his soul, and who died and was forgotten. Forgotten by name, perhaps. But weren't men, all men, slowly forming the rock of human experience as the years washed over them, the centuries, the millennia, leaching the lime of continuity from each life's little shell?

Last week he had quoted the words of a dead man to a living judge who reached out across the years to grasp those words and find meaning and reason in them. A mortal man lived and thought and spoke and died. And he left the substance of truth behind him.

What was law but the sum of human experience? Call it order, if you preferred. Call it government, or the code man lived by. Admit that it was

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devious, at times; it was misshapen and abused. It was even thrust aside, scorned, ignored, when time skipped a beat and force made men blind. But time resumed its beat, and men came back to the conglomerate rock of experience. For in it was the substance of man's being, the continuity, the sum of his years and his generations. It was order, and truth, and meaning. The rock . . .

The schoolteacher and her companion went away to find another fragment of history. A boy and a girl came, hand in hand, and stared unseeing from the parapet and forgot that Jeff was there and kissed each other. The sun was overhead. It was noon. And Savannah was a hundred and eighty miles away. Jeff went to his hotel to check out and get his car.

HE telephoned from Jacksonville. Andrea came to the phone.

"Jeff!" she exclaimed. "Jeff, where are you?"

He told her, and he said, "I'll be home for dinner."

"Are you all right?"

"I'm okay, darling. Right as rain."

He heard her breath of relief just before he put up the receiver. ★



## Don't Bottle Up Your Tears

Continued from page 19

The other, a 65-year-old elevator operator, appeared to be unshaken by his loss, except for one thing: he started doodling about a month after her death, though he had never done that before. He acquired what psychologists call a "compulsion." He drew weird scribbles, meaningless diagrams on telephone books, on the walls of his elevator, on menus—everywhere.

Psychologists and churchmen differ about the correct approach when grief strikes. They do agree however on one important fact: that grief has a function. It might be defined as the strong emotion you feel following the shock of a loss that seems irreparable. It fills in the dazed gap, giving you time to think, to get your bearings.

It is a painful, to period that pain is a valuable spur to us to readjust ourselves to the changed circumstances. If it were not for the unpleasantness of grief many of us would succumb to inactivity.

The funeral service is a traditional ritual to help us over the first shock of insupportable loss. Since the first step in overcoming grief is to free ourselves from the tie to something that is no longer living, the burial service emphasizes the returning of the body to earth; that gives a sense of finality in the last glimpse of the loved one.

Many students of social habits maintain that our Western ideas of grief are all wrong, that we do ourselves actual harm by overreticence when both mind and body call for an outpouring of emotion.

Joshua Loth Liebman, author of "Peace of Mind," has a lot to say about the burial service. He, and psychologists too, say that the outspoken emotionalism of the Jewish funeral is healthy. Grief expressed in bitter tears and lamentation is unlikely to return at a later date to harass and disturb the mind, whereas the traditional Western shame about emotionalism leads to unwise repression and emotional evasion.

But uncontrollable grief can also be harmful. Unless readjustment to the new situation is completed within a reasonable time—say, five weeks—what was true grief can easily become morbid depression.

### The Danger of Depression

There's no doubt that funerals are necessary rituals for many people. They are occasions for that final tribute to a departed friend, from which point life should go on for the living. Without a funeral there is often a feeling of incompleteness and frustration.

Army psychiatrists found this out. During the war they learned that unit morale was maintained by holding ceremonial military funeral services to help the living express the natural grief they felt for comrades killed in action. This symbolic grief is patterned in civilian life by the wearing of crepe arm bands and black ties.

The funeral's main object is to give the bereaved his right to grief, and well-meaning friends who try to distract his mind from that poignant moment are doing him a disservice. It cannot be too often said that grief unexpressed ultimately returns to have its vengeance in the form of mental and physical illness.

Harvard psychiatrist Erich Lindemann has done pioneer clinical work on grief. He found that some of his patients developed severe disorders years after the loss of a loved one

without realizing the connection between the bereavement and the illness. When the patient could be persuaded to re-enact that time of bereavement, and express the sorrow he should have expressed at the time of death, a genuine release was the result.

A 45-year-old bachelor cared for his mother until her death; they were very close. The funeral arrangements were so complicated, and her estate so involved, that he literally had no time for grieving.

Years later his friends found him more and more difficult to get along with; he had fits of rage and moroseness. It was finally brought home to him that his condition was directly due to the unexpressed grief stored up since his mother's death. He saw then that his grief had become morbid and was able to overcome it.

When grief does become morbid it can turn to a dangerous hysteria. An outstanding example of this occurred in the U. S. after World War II when Congress decided to bring home for reburial all Americans killed in action.

Harrowing scenes at docks and cemeteries (see picture on page 19) marked a flood of hysterical grief that should have long since been spent.

According to Dr. J. D. M. Griffin, Toronto psychiatrist, this was a sign of emotional immaturity, both extravagant and dangerous, since there was the grave risk of a fresh grief pattern being started which might have damaging effects.

### Tell Children the Truth

Although it's impossible to lay down hard-and-fast rules, it's safe to say that grief should be neither repressed nor extravagant. This story of a young Ontario couple provides a satisfying in-between example.

Their child was two and a half when he was killed in a street accident. It was a violent cause of grief, a sudden shock, but yet its effects were not disastrous. The mother transferred her relationship with her baby son into work with other children in a nursery school. Three years after that they adopted a baby girl, and a year or so later she proudly bore her husband twins.

Grief is not always founded on death. A 31-year-old woman, of a type "just born to be an old maid," met a slightly younger man and started going steady with him. He courted her for 18 months, then his office transferred him to the east coast. They still corresponded almost daily, and he traveled to Ontario twice a month to see her.

This odd courtship went on for nearly two years until she discovered he had married another girl.

This was not ordinary jilting because she had convinced herself that this was her last chance at marriage; for her there was no recovery.

Her grief was so great that she lost all interest in her job, her family, even her appearance, and from being a fairly well-paid secretary she became, eventually, a waitress in a cheap café.

The doctor who tells this story says the woman might not have been so affected if she had married her fiancé and then lost him by death. Then there would have been no humiliation added to her grief.

Aiming too high sometimes brings grief in its train. There was a small businessman in British Columbia who, by faulty judgment, acquired a piece of adjoining property at the wrong time and was not only unable to make his expanded business succeed but lost his original business as well. This completely ruined his life.

He spent long hours jilting by his

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arm, hip  
and leg

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Ah, my Absorbine Jr.



living-room window, and at times in the day or night he would be found racked with sobs.

Sometimes a person will openly grieve to divert the attention of others from one or more of his failures; or grieve excessively so that observers might think he was an extraordinarily sensitive person. But if grief, from any cause, so takes control that the sufferer is incapacitated it is as much a disease as cancer.

In 1940 one of England's most brilliant women, novelist Virginia Woolf, committed suicide. Her husband said she had been grieving about the state of the world and had found it insupportable.

When grief does strike your family do not exclude the children from the circle of sorrow. They are far more perceptive than is often realized and are likely to suffer if pushed into the background.

Explain the death in terms the child can understand, but never lie. One mother told her four-year-old daughter

that her little sister was "asleep." For years afterward the little girl was afraid to go to bed at night for she knew perfectly well her sister was dead and feared that sleep meant death.

Should small children, say from two to 10, attend the funeral services? Psychologists say no. It is an adult ceremony, and if there is the slightest risk that the child will misunderstand the ritual, leave him at home and tell him about it in clear terms after it is all over.

We are all familiar from romantic novels with the room in a distant wing which is locked up "just as it was when mother died." But what about the problem of keeping the physical objects of the dead—the clothes, furniture, jewelry?

Rev. James R. Finlay, of Toronto's Carlton Street United Church, says people often ask him this question: What shall I do with my wife's clothes? Would it be disrespectful to throw them out?

His answer is: What would your

wife have done with her old clothes? Give them to charity; there are people who will be glad of them. Do not cling to things that were no real part of the loved one.

Some final advice to the friends of the grief-stricken: Be sensibly sympathetic, but do not deny to the bereaved the chance to talk about his loss. Encourage him to talk about the virtues of the dead, to recall those characteristics which will live on in his memory. Do not try to help him avoid his keen loss, but draw him out as a friend.

Some people can do it differently. In Vancouver last summer a middle-aged woman lost her husband. A friendly neighbor came across that day and, with hardly a word, did the housework, made lunch for the two boys, and left just as quietly.

Later on the widow said to her, "That was such a help to me. I needed a whole day with nothing to do but think about him. I got it out of my system." ★

## Victoria: Tweeds in Eden

Continued from page 16

specific about these things. You might as well try to measure the beauty of a flower with calipers or explore the human spirit with a scalpel.

I can only tell you that the atmosphere of this place, compounded of winter rain and summer drought, of flower scent and bird song, of seaweed stench and the pungence of Douglas fir pitch, of dark hills and cramped valleys, of wind off the snow of the Olympics, of Christmas holly and January snowdrops, above all of isolation on an island, a sense of remoteness, safety and superior fortune—this atmosphere has been distilled somehow into the sap of our veins so that we pine and perish when the supply is cut off on our journeys abroad. Move us away, even across the narrow gulf to the mainland, and we are exiles. Take us east of the Rockies and, though we may still walk about, we are dead. That is the reason for my own untimely demise.

This subtle chemistry the stranger cannot hope to understand.

He sees only a tropical wilderness of flowers through which a strong man can shoulder his way by a few trails in the business area. He doesn't know how the flowers got there or the toil we put into them.

He sees a glistening little bathtub of a harbor compressed between the domes of the Parliament Buildings and the vine-choked walls of the hotel. He cannot believe that we built all this on a stinking mud flat, floating the Causeway, the masonry, the lawns and rose gardens on a hundred feet of ooze.

He finds baskets of flowers hung from the lampposts by people who apparently cannot bear to leave their gardens even in business hours. Does he realize the venal truth—that these are the stage props of the tourist industry?

He sees, but can hardly believe, the liquid fountain of gold spurting from the broom of Beacon Hill Park, the pensive swans, the sea gulls begging for crusts. How could he suspect the nostalgia of the Victorian who once toddled into the park at the age of two and suddenly discovered the wide world?

How could he know that for the Victoria boy the beaches of Dallas Road were the Spanish Main, with mussels and crabs to be cooked on driftwood fires, strange wreckage to be explored, kelp for whiplashes, and

always the wonder of the great ships inbound from China?

The visitor sees very little, really, but it seems to satisfy him.

Victoria has not only vivid outer features but a strong collective character underneath, which even progress cannot smooth off. Curiously enough, this collective character seldom breeds individual characters, or at least not characters of the public sort. It has not produced a first-rate political figure in modern times. Victoria's name is seldom mentioned in the political debates of Canada. The provincial politics centred here are competent, tepid and pedestrian.

### They Once Shook a Nation

This, I suspect, is a phenomenon of climate and geography. The mild air and the isolation of an island tames us down, dilutes controversy and fills us with a philosophic calm.

In earlier days, before our sea breezes cooled them off, the characters of Victoria shook the nation.

There was Douglas, the great stone face of the Hudson's Bay Company, who ruled the colony of Vancouver Island in highly moral tyranny (though the governor's tight little political machine knew how to distribute patronage where it would do the most good).

There was the gaunt and bearded Smith, who called himself Amor de Cosmos, Lover of the World, who broke the Douglas oligarchy by his thunder in The Daily Colonist, introduced an alarming new idea known as democracy and, by persuading the colony into Confederation, extended Canada to the Pacific Coast.

And Joe Martin who picked his cabinet from the loafers on the street corners and turned government into high farce until the legislature walked out on him in the middle of the Speech from the Throne. (The Colonist achieved one of the few Canadian classics of abuse by calling the King's representative of the day "the obese and shining monster.")

Outside public life, but greater than its contestants, lived Emily Carr, the immortal Klee Wick, who compounded her masterpieces in print and paint with loneliness, poverty and tears, unknown and unrecognized when small boys like me played in her garden, never suspecting that the gruff, bustling woman on our street was an authentic Canadian genius.

These Victorians came out of a past as exciting as any in Canada.

The helpless fort among the Indians, the hordes of crazed gold miners swarming up from California in cockleshells and punts on their way to Cariboo, Douglas' one-man struggle to hold the 49th parallel against Manifest Destiny, the Confederation debates when the future of Canada hung on a few bewildered men in the red bird cages called the Parliament Buildings, the era of the open town when Victoria's bars, gaming houses and brothels were the scandal of the Pacific Coast—all this surge and riot was little noted and seemed meaningless at the time. Now we know that it decided Canada's continental shape and finally divided the continent from sea to sea between two nations.

Some day that record will be written. Victoria will stand with Quebec, Halifax, Montreal and York as one of the seminal places of Canadian history. The modern legend is false and short-lived. In due time the real legend will be disinterred and found heroic.

Victoria is first of all a clannish place, polite but distant to strangers. Any prairie city will welcome the newcomer and go to any lengths to make him feel at home. In Victoria you may live your entire life without speaking a word to your next-door neighbor. This, I protest, is not coldness but shyness, a determination to mind one's own business.

### Dog Lovers on His Neck

Minding its own business, Victoria has notably failed to develop; it does not seem to desire the surging civic life of other Canadian cities. There is culture here, certainly, but it is mainly private. We shrink from organizing or displaying it. A collection of priceless totem poles, which can never be replaced, is thrust out into the rain of a city park to rot.

We regard city government as boring and trivial, civic office as a weary duty for which good men have to be conscripted into the city council.

We become interested only when the city fathers stumble into some gaucheerie, as when the reeve of an adjoining municipality rejected amalgamation with Victoria in a magnificent Churchillian phrase: "I was not elected reeve to preside at the liquidation of Oak Bay." Or again when an imaginative alderman proposed to skin the dogs of the city pound to provide the raw materials of a great tanning industry and found the S.P.C.A. and a town of dog lovers on his neck. (When one of his colleagues denounced this out-



rage, proclaiming himself the descendant of dog breeders for five generations, the alderman made a crushing retort: "My ancestors have been male and female since the days of Adam."

But the civic mind is quickly aroused by fundamental issues. It flies into a passion if the parks board tries to remove some old oak tree from the streets.

It showed an overnight tendency toward republicanism when the gardens of Government House were closed to the public.

It pleaded vainly for the release of *Ursus Kermodei*, the only nonpolar white bear in captivity, until the prisoner died contentedly of old age before the dispute could be settled.

It argued for weeks, on a highly scientific plane, over the discovery of a genuine *zipple* in the Sooke Hills, never suspecting that the newspaper boys had cooked up a practical joke to test the public credulity.

It secretly believes, or wants to believe, in its sea serpent, *Cadborosaurus*, which gives it a sense of superiority over serpentless places, for superiority of a harmless, boyish sort is the clearest quality of the Victorian mind.

It is almost as moral as Toronto. It will never tolerate beer parlors though they flourish a few yards off in the municipality of Esquimalt. No cabaret has ever survived in Victoria. When the council built a public convenience behind the city hall it was elaborately disguised by lawns and shrubs. With a final exquisite touch of Victorian refinement it was called Fiddler's Green.

#### It's An Economic Engine

Though generally easy-going and well-mannered, Victoria sometimes turns querulous and litigious for no good reason. A barber named Shanks cuts a boy's hair in an unusual fashion, the parents sue for damages, the town instantly takes sides but the hair grows in and the evidence is lost while the court ponders. Our most notable eccentric, Mr. Joseph North, sues the baseball club when it refuses to admit him to the ball park because he always insults the players in a certain repulsive fashion. The case drags on solemnly in the prehistoric courthouse, the whole community watches and wagers on the outcome.

With this occasional absurdity is mixed a profound sense of real values. A community and a civilization are growing up when the spring flower show and Garden Week become the major civic festival. A robin nests in the ceiling of a half-built cathedral and the architects carve the bird in stone so that it may perch forever in the sight of Christian worshippers as a reminder of God's creaturehood. You grasp, from this shy gesture, the strongest element in Victoria's character, which is reverence for nature, beauty and life.

Politically, Victoria is the most conservative spot west of Quebec. In a city filled with retired pensioners, minor rentiers and civil servants the CCF never elected a candidate. Nothing more conservative can be imagined than a Victoria Liberal.

Economically, Victoria is an enigma. No one really knows what keeps it going. The few woodworking industries, the government payroll, a naval base, shipbuilding yards, the tourist trade, a fringe of small farms, the pensioners and wealthy recluses combine somehow to make the living standard relatively far above the national average.

Insularity is a deep dark force in Victoria's life. It survives invasion,

attrition and the public debates of the nation. I would match our ignorance of national affairs against any place in Canada, however small or remote.

Our election campaigns are mild, brief and irrelevant. The judgments of our Press are condescending and Olympian. L. W. Brockington says, with more penetration than satire, that the politicians of Victoria are still petitioning, with passionate Victorianism, for the repeal of the Corn Laws.

In such an atmosphere human oddities grow lush and, like our flowers, are admired, cultivated and protected.

#### A Millionaire on the Beach

If you poke about you will uncover famous generals, admirals, knights, scholars, scientists and diplomats walking our streets in retirement, unnoticed by everybody until their obituaries appear in the papers.

You will find priceless collections of Chinese jade, barbaric weapons, antiques, stamps, paintings and butterflies which the public has never suspected.

A millionaire who lost his fortune lives in a single room on the water front with a pair of lovebirds, lies on the beach all day and is the happiest man in Canada.

A farmer blocked the main highway on the outskirts of town by smashing upon it some 10,000 fresh eggs and hurling many more at passing motorists. The doctors put him into an asylum but Victoria understood at once that he was one of the few sane men left and had proclaimed his sanity by this last gallant protest against a mad world.

A pompous and objectionable statesman having passed out with alcohol on a public occasion the reporters of James Bay called an undertaker and the corpse awakened with piercing shrieks on a slab. Victoria appreciated this rebuke. It has no use for pomposity. It cringes at bad form.

A gentleman on our street continually set his umbrella on fire when he lighted his pipe and used to walk a block in conflagration before he noticed it. But no one, not even the fire department, thought of mentioning such a personal matter to him. It was understood by all that he was waving his own little torch of independence with contempt in the face of a civilization which he would never accept.

#### The Brolly a Civic Crest

That, to me, is the only revealing portrait of Victoria ever painted—a respectable householder on his morning march with flaming banner, the neighbors observing him impassively from their perennial borders; the next day a new umbrella to be burned in due course. There at a glance is all Victoria's stubborn individualism, its tolerance, its sense of humor, its grasp of essentials. A burning umbrella should be our civic crest.

All this has conveyed, perhaps, too flattering a picture of our eccentricity. Unless you probe deep you will observe here a Canadian city very like all the others, inhabitants indistinguishable from their fellow countrymen, except for their sloppier clothes and slower gait.

It has taken a long time but Victoria has reconciled itself spiritually at last to the political arrangements which joined it to Canada 78 years ago. This is a gain for national unity. Few Canadians will understand or regret that it is blotting out something vivid, wholesome and unique and thus spreading the general disease of monotony, which slowly strangles the native happiness of America. ★

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scratched yet!"*





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#### MAGIC PETITS FOURS CAKE

1 cup sifted pastry flour or	5 tbsps. butter
¾ cup sifted hard-wheat flour	½ cup fine granulated sugar
and 1 tbsp. corn starch	2 eggs
1 tsp. Magic Baking Powder	1 tsp. grated lemon rind
¼ tsp. salt	3 tbsps. milk
	½ tsp. vanilla

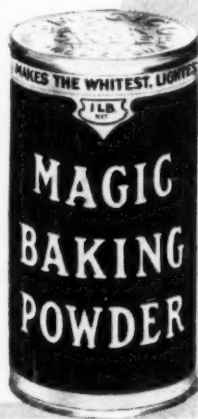
Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together 3 times. Cream butter; gradually blend in sugar. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition; stir in lemon rind. Measure milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture alternately with milk, combining lightly after each addition. Turn into an 8-inch square cake pan which has been greased and lined in the bottom with greased paper. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, about 25 minutes. Let stand on cake cooler for 10

minutes, then turn out and remove paper. When cold, trim away side crusts and split cake into 3 layers; put together again with a thin spread of Royal Pudding (made up in any of its flavors) or with jam; press layers together lightly. Turn cake top-side down and cut into squares or diamonds with a sharp knife, or cut into fancy shapes with sharp little cookie cutters. Spread with butter icing or arrange, well apart, on cake cooler and cover with the accompanying Petits Fours Frosting. Decorate as desired.

#### PETITS FOURS FROSTING

¼ tsp. plain gelatine	¼ cup water
1 tsp. cold water	1 pound icing sugar, sifted
¼ cup granulated sugar	1 large egg white
1 tbsps. corn syrup	2 tbsps. shortening
	½ tsp. vanilla

Soften gelatine in the 1 tsp. cold water. In top of double boiler combine sugar, corn syrup and the ¼ cup water; over direct heat, bring just to a full rolling boil, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Remove from heat and stir in softened gelatine; cool to 120° (just a little hotter than lukewarm). Stir in sifted icing sugar and then the unbeaten egg white, shortening and vanilla. Place cake cooler of little cakes on a clean dry metal or porcelain table top; slowly pour frosting over little cakes until they are coated. When frosting has been poured, lift cake rack and with a spatula scrape frosting from table top and return to saucepan; heat over hot water until again of pouring consistency and pour over unfrosted cakes—continue in this way until all cakes have been frosted. For variety, frosting may be divided and tinted delicate pastel shades or a little melted chocolate may be added and the frosting thinned with hot water.



## Battles and Blunders In the Schools

Continued from page 24

and understanding. This failure has one of its most serious repercussions when the U. S. student reads up the American War of Independence. Many U. S. historians now admit that the story of the Revolution, as dished up to their school children, is a myth-ridden, self-glorifying tale in which insignificant incidents have been twisted and distorted to "prove" the villainy of the British. And since most Americans leave school with the belief that Canada is merely a part of John Bull's shirttail, Canada also inherits a hefty share of the antipathy that every American school child is taught to feel toward Britain.

In 1945 a Briton going to the U. S. on business was asked by friends to look up their son evacuated to New York from the London blitz three years before. The visitor took the lad to a movie, to a drugstore afterward for a chocolate malted.

"What are you learning in history?" he asked.

"Right now we are studying the American Revolution," the boy replied. His eyes dropped as he added, "Really, sir, I'm ashamed to admit, but weren't those British red coats ruthless bouncers?"

American school children are taught, for example, that when Boston townsmen disapproved of the presence of British troops the soldiers shot cold-bloodedly into a crowd and killed a large number. American histories call it the "Boston massacre," one instance of British barbarity responsible for the rebellion.

Here's what really happened. A mob threw stones at a British sentry. The sentry called for help. A soldier was struck, fell, and his gun accidentally went off. Other soldiers thought the shot had come from the mob and a few fired, killing four. British authorities immediately surrendered the offending soldiers to be tried for murder. The Boston jury hated the British, but even it had to admit that the soldiers were not to blame and all were acquitted.

Few versions of the Revolution even suggest that there was opposition among the colonists and that loyalists left the Thirteen Colonies to settle in Canada, although this emigration injected such strong anti-American feeling into Canada that the U. S. was to be affected by it for a long time.

The versions that Canadian and U. S. children read about the War of 1812-14 are about as similar as dad's and junior's ideas on Santa Claus.

Canadian students learn that the U. S. attempted to perpetrate on Canada what Hitler did to Poland in 1939, and that valiant Canadian and British armies sent the Yankee invaders scurrying for home. "A First Book of Canadian History," used in Ontario schools, says: "The chief cause of the war was the desire of certain sections of the American people to conquer Canada."

American students learn that it was purely a British-U. S. affair and many of their books do not even mention Canada in connection with the war. They are taught that the U. S. was dragged into it by British interference with American shipping and the shanghaiing of American seamen. Seventy per cent of the 256 New Orleans students quizzed in 1948 answered "no" when asked if Canada and U. S. were enemies in 1812.

Dr. Louis Benezet, a superintendent

of schools for New Hampshire, recently told a Canadian-U. S. educational conference: "A few years ago I got hold of a Canadian history. I was amazed to find how little I knew about the Canadian version of what happened in 1812. I thought U. S. forces won every battle. They didn't; they won very few. I thought our generals were the heroes of the war."

"I had been taught what a heinous crime it was for the British to burn our government buildings in Washington. That fact was not given in the Canadian textbook, but it told how the Yankees burned government buildings in York, now Toronto. I could not believe it was the same war until I checked the date."

The Canada-U. S. Committee on Education states: "Most U. S. authors mention the burning of Washington by the British; only a few call attention to the prior burning of York by the Americans."

Of the Battle of Lundy's Lane (1814) an American reference says: "The enemy, broken and foiled at all points, retreated. The American commander, finding the enemy indisposed to renew the attack, drew off his troops. The British force of 4,500 greatly outnumbered the Americans, but against these odds American troops fought with unparalleled valor and obstinacy."

Here is a typical Canadian version: "Although 3,000 British and Canadians faced 4,000 Americans... the exhausted Americans retreated and left the British force in possession of the ridge."

Actually, nobody retreated and nobody won. Both sides just got tired and quit fighting.

Canada and U. S. history is so interlocked that an understanding of many of the happenings in one country isn't complete without a knowledge of what was going on in the other country at the same time.

#### A Precious Unknown Landmark

The American Civil War, for example, by cementing the U. S. into a strong and threatening military power, was perhaps the strongest force in bringing about the confederation of Canada. Yet most Canadian school children know only that the Civil War had something to do with the loves and husbands of a girl called Scarlett O'Hara.

Many of the most significant developments affecting present Canadian and U. S. affairs occurred between 1870 and the present when the two nations knuckled down to settling old differences. From the standpoint of better international understanding this is the part of our history that really counts. Yet in almost 9,000 pages of Canadian history textbooks examined there are exactly 108 7/10 pages on this long, eventful and vital period of Canada-U. S. relations.

But it could be worse. In 12,000 pages of U. S. history textbooks examined there are 12 7/10 pages dealing with Canada-U. S. relations during this period.

Historians rank the International Joint Commission, the Canadian-U. S. tribunal which has been peacefully adjusting disputes between the two countries since 1909, a precious landmark in the annals of world peace which all nations should study and know. Several Canadian textbooks refer to it, but not one of the U. S. books examined mentions it.

According to the most recent questionnaire only four out of 218 Canadian students and none of the Americans had ever heard of it.

Nor is there a hint anywhere in these



U. S. schoolbooks of Canada's participation in World War I.

Most of what the American student learns about Canada he gleans from movies and the sport pages of his newspapers. U. S. magazines, newspapers and books are widely read by Canadian students, but the American student lacks this source of information on Canada for few Canadian periodicals enter the U. S.

When the New Orleans students were asked if they ever read a Canadian magazine or newspaper only one answered "yes."

"I read the Ottawa Daily News occasionally," he said. But there is no such paper.

Eighty-eight per cent of these Americans couldn't name Canada's prime minister. Only 7% could name five prominent living Canadians. But many were able to reel off names of Canadian hockey players.

The movie influence was obvious. A large percentage of the students, especially the boys, couldn't write 100 words about Canada before they were sidetracked onto mounted police 'who always get their man.'

Our vaunted Canadian-U. S. unguarded frontier is menaced by a powder keg of international stupidity. Happily, educators are moving to defuse the powder keg before something sets it off.

UNESCO is tackling the problem on a world-wide scale. Next summer 70 world educators will meet at Mac-

donald College, near Montreal, under UNESCO sponsorship, for a six-week discussion on how geography teaching can be remodeled as a means of developing international understanding. At the same time there will be a similar meeting in Belgium on history teaching.

And the efforts of the Canada-U. S. Committee on Education are bearing fruit. Already Quebec has broadened its teaching of U. S. history and geography, and the committee is urging other provinces and states to follow suit.

Canada receives much fuller treatment in "American History," the most recent text published in the U. S. Its authors, Howard E. Wilson and Wallace E. Lamb, have added a three-page summary drawing together the major relations between the two nations which have been discussed in earlier pages and emphasizing their significance.

The empire-worshippers and Yankee-haters in Canada, the Anglo-phobes and we-won-the-war apostles in the U. S., might cry that patriotism is being undermined.

But Canadian and U. S. students, when asked to write about their neighboring country, will not have to write as one American high-school pupil did: "I have always thought until this year that Canadians were a fierce and warlike people, somewhat like savages. I have found that they are civilized and have a good government." ★

## The Most Glamorous Girls Live in Quebec

*Continued from page 13*

joy and cheer and happiness. The big economy-size package comes at a Quebec family reunion.

With the mental reservation that I'm a sucker I've showered down for tabs in such costly and cosmopolitan grog shops as Chez Eve in Bangkok, the Gloucester in Hong Kong, El Morocco in Manhattan.

I've watched befurred beauties coyly cuddle in Hollywood's Brown Derby and most of the joints on Patee's Place Pigalle. I've watched and even helped languorous lovelies build sand castles on the beach at Waikiki plus such other strands of sand as the Lido at Venice, the Malabar at Bombay and the Golden Mile at Monte Carlo.

Half of them deliberately act as though they're playing hookey from a graveyard and the effort of lighting their own cigarette would upset their cold little hearts. Some of these discreetly discontented decorations get all tired out just fluttering their eyebrows.

But step into the poor man's Stork Club which is the Bellevue Casino in Montreal's Ontario Street and you'll see life that bounces. Sure the drink is beer at half a clam a jug and the band is heavy on brass and bass but I'm writing about the girls. Can't have a party without girls and the girls of Quebec do know how to be entertaining. There is little vulgarity or familiarity.

What I'm writing about is wholesome enjoyment without high cost and with no time wasted on the coy and casual ritual that marks the deadpan antics of so many women in Canada. What are they trying to be, inscrutable diplomats or something?

On the night last June that Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent was re-elected I was in his birthplace, a little Quebec village named Compton. Everybody there was having open house in honor of a native son who had gained

the greatest honor within the gift of his people.

The happiness of that night all came from the animation of the people. No band played, nobody broached a barrel of grape, but the people themselves were lighthearted and pleased with the result and they wanted all Canada to know it.

About 10 o'clock I started for Montreal, by car, stopping off in such bigger places as Sherbrooke, Bagot and St. Hyacinthe. All the swankiest hotels were filled with English-speaking people who were composed and quiet and discreet. About 80% of them, as results later showed, had voted for the winning side but their aloof and boring celebration was so tame as to sound more like a wake than a party. The festive spirit was in the hearts and the home of the French people.

Canada's French girls, for the most part, are less self-centred, more self-reliant.

They've been raised in homes where there was less money and fewer cars than in most English-speaking homes but more brothers and sisters. So they have had to rely on home entertainment rather than movies, dances and other away-from-the-family fun. This has made them good hostesses and showed them how to keep a conversational ball bouncing.

The percentage of Canadian girls who can sing or play some musical instrument is about twice as high as among English-speaking girls and some analysts consider that a good thing. This one hastily covers his ears in self-defense and hurries on to the next subject which is conversation. Even the shy little fisherman's daughter has an ability to keep the conversational wheels oiled and turning without resorting to the weather and without seeming to be bored or boring.

Being personally shy on the social graces I don't suffer conversational bores gladly just because it's the polite thing to do, yet I can honestly declare that Quebec women—when speaking English which is the only tongue I know—are never a bore.



Flavory  
orange-filled  
rolls

So easy to make with  
amazing extra-active  
New Dry Yeast!

● Fragrant and flavor-rich . . . these Orange-filled Rolls are just a sample of the wonderful things you can bake to perfection with the new Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast.

No more poor results from yeast that loses strength because it's perishable! This new fast acting yeast needs no refrigeration—keeps full-strength right in your pantry.

If you bake at home, get a month's supply of Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. At your grocer's now.

### ORANGE-FILLED ROLLS

Makes 2 Dozen

Measure into large bowl  
1/2 cup lukewarm water  
1 teaspoon granulated sugar  
and stir until sugar is dissolved.  
Sprinkle with contents of  
1 envelope Fleischmann's  
Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast  
Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.  
In the meantime, scald  
3/4 cup milk  
Remove from heat and stir in  
1/4 cup granulated sugar  
2-1/4 teaspoons salt  
4-1/2 tablespoons shortening  
Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture; stir in  
1/4 cup lukewarm water  
Stir in  
2-1/4 cups once-sifted bread flour  
and beat until smooth; work in  
2-1/4 cups more once-sifted bread flour  
Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, prepare

#### ORANGE FILLING

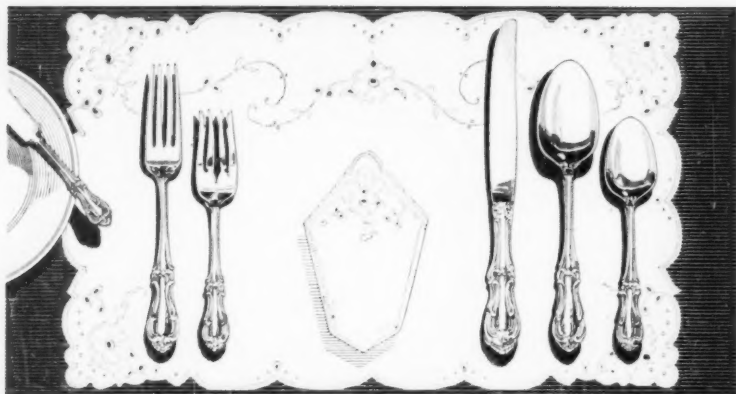
Combine in a saucepan  
2-1/2 tablespoons corn starch  
1/2 cup granulated sugar  
Gradually blend in  
1/3 cup cold water  
1/3 cup orange juice

1-1/2 tablespoons lemon juice  
and add  
1 tablespoon grated orange  
rind  
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Bring to the boil, stirring constantly; boil gently, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened; cool.  
Punch down dough; form into a smooth ball. Roll into an oblong 3/4-inch thick and 26 inches long; loosen dough from board. Spread with cooled orange filling.

Beginning at a long edge, roll up loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices. Place in greased muffin pans. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, about 25 min. Serve hot, with butter or margarine.





## Glowing Loveliness the Silvo Way

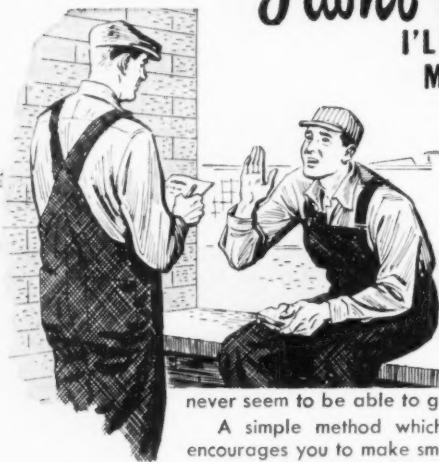
The Silvo way—the safe, easy way to keep silver gleaming and beautiful—is recognized the world over. Gentle Silvo eases away all traces of dullness and tarnish, makes your precious silverware glow with loveliness. Because Silvo is made especially for silver, Silvo Liquid Polish is recommended by International Silver Company, makers of this beautiful new pattern, "Joan of Arc."

SILVO...  
especially for silver



D-2

## I don't need that— I'LL SAVE MONEY MY OWN WAY!



But will you? We'll all agree that when you're raising a family, it's the hardest thing in the world to save money.

Most of us promise ourselves that next month, or next year things will be different—but the months and years go by and we never seem to be able to get started.

A simple method which by all its attractive features encourages you to make small, but regular contributions, has answered the same problem in the lives of thousands of others.

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Perhaps it's the shrugs, pouts, hand waves and other bits of showmanship that I enjoy. Perhaps the ever-changing angle of the lip, shoulder or eyebrow. Maybe it's the flourish and razzle-dazzle as the words pour out. Perhaps it's the things they talk about. But whatever it is it's clean, lively and interesting.

If you dug into the subject of French conversation as you would a research project and kept a chart on what these conversations were about they would soon simmer down to simple elements like food and how to cook or serve it; clothing and how to drape it or change it; relatives—the Canadiens are always talking about relatives—and men.

### Chic From the Bargain Basement

The Quebec girls like every breed and type of man since Adam. They discuss men but I think they're more interested in the men themselves, and the family behind the man, than they are in the jobs they hold, the moneys or lands they command or the worlds they're planning to conquer.

In the wearing of clothes French women of Europe or Canada have no equals on earth. They have a flair, a transmission of individual personality to a mass-produced item.

Ever since this reporter was knee high to a baby panda he's been reading pieces about the style centre of the world shifting from Paris to Hollywood, New York or Buenos Aires but it never gets there and never can because the people who live in those spots don't have the exuberance or aptitude to create the feminine smartness that Paris can create with its hands tied.

Nor is this the exclusive talent of the big-name designers. In some measure every girl with a French heritage has this gift.

With a bit of ribbon here and a spot of lace somewhere else *mademoiselle* has learned to change something from the bargain basement into a creation designed to her own taste and figure.

Can our English-speaking girls do that? Probably yes, but many of them don't or won't take the trouble.

Canadien girls have also had the good sense not to ape men in clothing. They've had the brains and intelligence to realize that now, as in cave-men days, one of their greatest assets is their femininity.

English-speaking women in Canada probably spend \$3 for every \$1 their Quebec sisters put out for facial varnishes, lures, rebuildings and assorted tonics and tighteners for waning sex appeal. And what does it get them? Frustrations and complexes! Given the full treatment from those chemical labs and they come forth with about as much sex appeal as you get with purple hair and green skin.

The Canadien girls have the original article, all wool but the buttons. It comes from being their unadulterated selves; female and glad of it. They're equipped for honest laughter, genuine grief, emotion which is unaffected.

Like the sad heroine of song and film Quebec girls have a mother's love for "silks and satins and buttons and bows." They even go for "the French perfume that rocks the room."

Whether it's an Easter bonnet or a parka for the hills they go for color in heart-warming doses too, and color with laughter and gaiety is the combination of friends and optimists.

Paul Berlinguel and many like him sit, as in a duck blind, watching faces in big buildings, stations and shops. They look at faces all day long and often as not they read thoughts written or hidden there.

For no obvious reason the thoughts of the English-speaking girls seem less

happy and tranquil than those of their French sisters. Somehow, too, they seem less like individuals and more like robots from a chain store.

Walk some of the better streets in Quebec, like Montreal's Mount Royal Boulevard or Quebec City's Grande Allée, of a Sunday morning and you'll see in the faces of middle-aged women a contentment and poise that seem to wear thin in women who live under the social and economic pressures of Toronto or Vancouver.

An even better time to see this inner glow of contentment, and know that it springs from the deep wells of family life, is on Saturday afternoon in working-class Montreal when young mothers take the baby in a hand-me-down pram for a shopping walk.

Stop them to deliver idle flattery about the cherub in the pram, or the toddler who's trying to keep up with the pace, and the Canadien mother's face will light up like a Roman candle.

Nothing unusual about that because the inscrutable Chinese or the stolid Dutch will also respond to yippees for their young. But the effervescence of the Canadien out-bubbles all others and leaves most of them, in comparison, looking like lugubrious blood-hounds.

Modeling is another spot where the Quebecers excel on sheer personality.

The manager for Walter Thornton of Canada Ltd.—the well-known model agency—told me that, beauty being equal, a Canadien girl would corral the profitable posing positions every time. Even if she was a bit shy on standard beauty she still had a 50-50 chance at all jobs because superior personality more than makes up for inferior beauty.

Adrian Williams, a Hamilton photographer who recently completed his third world tour photographing women of all colors and races, puts the Canadien at the pinnacle of the personality tree.

Says Adrian: "When French faces light up in anticipation or delight they go all-out in lustre and glow while English-type faces hold back as if it were childish or undignified to break loose with a completely uninhibited smile."

### Pep and Peace of Mind

Executives of the trans-Canada network of the CBC are probably exposed to more high-powered and temperamental personality than anyone else in the land and these agree that Canadien girls have that certain sparkle that sets them above and beyond the routine.

"Name one," I demanded.

"Giselle."

"Who's Giselle?"

"On some shows she's 'Meet Giselle' on another she's 'The Girl Next Door,' on still others she's Giselle LaFleche. She sings in English and French, to her own accompaniment, and has more sparkling personality in her little finger than most pop singers have in their whole bodies. Matter of fact we've seldom known an English-type Canadian to transmit half the personality that Giselle does. You can just feel it ooze out of the speaker."

Any Canadian male over the age of 12 can recall incidents in which "She's French" has goaded his anticipation to a new high. Seldom on meeting the girl with so provocative a label has he been disappointed.

She's witty, gay, alluring, realistic and unselfish. In youth she has personality and pep. In maturity she has peace of mind and tranquility. She's a good sport, imaginative cook and an entertaining companion.

What more can you ask and where can you find it? ★



## The Stately Street of Sin

Continued from page 21

canes and old gnarled fingers at the hurrying traffic.

Farther north at the corner of Toronto's skid row, Queen Street, stands the grimy brownstone building of the Fred Victor Mission, built by Hart Massey years ago. Here many an out-of-work has found a meal and a flop on the floor and here, after a heavy Saturday night invasion, the Sunday morning congregation has been noticed to scratch lustily at some of the smaller transients of the night before. On weekday mornings nameless, ageless men with raw bloated faces and plastered-down hair squat on the front steps waiting for the wine shops to open at 10.30.

Now the tenement section begins. Warrenlike houses with crumbling foundations, missing steps, rotting fences, trash-littered yards stand where Capt. Charles Perry, insurance agent, once made his home.

### "W's" for the English

Putting out like a bandaged thumb is the white brick front of Dr. I. E. Miller's office and surgery. Dr. Miller's practice embraces one of the poorest and most sordid districts in Canada with one of the highest T.B. rates in Ontario, but he says, "It's always interesting. There's something new every minute."

Francis Savoy, a 16-year-old girl who lives a few doors farther north, is less intrigued. She and her mother and four other children are crowded into two back first-floor rooms of a house whose 12 rooms and single toilet accommodate 27 people.

"I hate Jarvis Street," Francis Savoy says bluntly. "I can't walk as far as the corner without men trying to pick me up."

At Jarvis and Dundas stands the shiny blue-glass-block entrance of the Warwick Hotel's bar ("a home away from home"). This is the former Royal Cecil. It was owned at one time by James Franceschini, an Italian laborer who became a millionaire contractor and was interned briefly during the war. When Mickey McDonald broke Kingston pen the words "Mickey's out!" were scrawled triumphantly on the wall of Royal Cecil's men's washroom.

Seven of Jarvis Street's 12 hotels serving liquor crowd into the block above Dundas. These include the Walsingham, largest piece of colonial architecture in Toronto, the Windermere, Westmoreland and Westminster. In the old days these hotels catered to English visitors and the prevalence of "W's" reflects the unconscious attempt on the part of the managers to make their hostels as English-sounding as possible.

The block is deceptive for it doesn't look sinful. It is a wide avenue flanked by the big hotels and apartment houses—a busy traffic artery by day which awakens slowly at night into a bawling, bawling, bawdy boulevard, the Champs Elysées of the transient rooming-house district of which it is the centre.

In the midst of all this stands the Westminster Hotel, bristling with bay windows and catering to highly respectable women (including Sir Charles Tupper's two daughters). Some of the regulars have been there as long as 29 years.

Many people rate the Westminster as Toronto's third hotel. It is a huge baronial castle with a front that resembles an upended Hoover. English

railway cars still carry advertising cards, circa 1915-20, extolling it. The manager, Thomas Smith, who advertises his hotel as being located "on a wide residential street," says he personally wouldn't build a hotel on Jarvis. And because some of his women guests have been accosted on streetcars he makes a practice of sending them out the hotel's back entrance onto a quieter street.

The Westminster stands on the fringe of the Simpson's property which has doomed the Unitarian church and the old Windermere, a great yellow brick Victorian pile whose dirt and disrepair contrast sharply with the new boarding on the entrances and windows.

Aileen Johnson, one of Simpson's employees who walks to work along Jarvis Street, has become inured to the daily encounters which are part of her life. Old men get in her way or bump into her. Young men circle back in their cars and shout at her. One day a laborer fell in step with her and said, "Where are we going?"

At the corner of Jarvis and Dundas recently she watched a burly redhead drunkenly beating his plump girl friend, who pleaded with him to come home, careless of the quickly forming audience.

This area was the hangout of "Mother Machree," a patriotic harri-dan who on the day war broke out instantly started knitting socks for the troops. She was still turning the first heel after Hiroshima but she used her needles to good advantage in several skirmishes with her sisters-at-arms.

The people who nightly invade this section of the street are no more representative of Jarvis than Coney Islanders are of Flatbush. They are working transients, young laborers from small towns in stiff, dark suits and an overabundance of pins and badges in their lapels; prostitutes from Windsor, Montreal and Sudbury; chronic drunks; and small, frightened businessmen from the suburbs.

### The Cops Walk in Pairs

The women's taverns are crowded with rooming-house landladies gossiping in voices as cacophonous as chalk scratching on blackboard.

On the street the police often pick up drug "pushers" who carry heroin capsules tied in rubber containers in their mouths.

The policemen walk their beat in pairs of an evening; the hustlers, trying to look like working women, stroll into the cocktail lounges; the working girls, trying to look like kept women, head across the Dundas intersection to the roller rink; a young man sidles up with a parcel under his arm: "Hey, Buddy, you in the market for an electric razor or a tuxedo, just your size!"

Bohemia shuns the street. Once a muralist was commissioned to decorate a Jarvis bar. He went to work with gusto but soon spent more time on the bar stool than on his stepladder. By the time he was finished he owed the hotel money and his mural had become a postimpressionist what-is-it whose figures sported three eyes and two noses. This only strengthened Jarvis Street's distrust of artists.

Dr. Shields' church, described as the "first ecclesiastical, amphitheatrical construction in Canada," stands squarely on the borderline between the upper and lower ends of the street, its steeple pointing skyward like a warning finger. North of the church the whole atmosphere of the street begins to change.

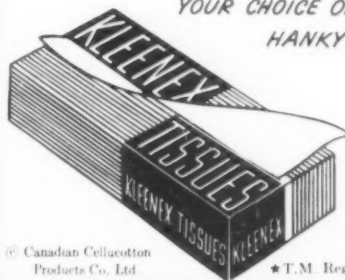
A block north it is lined with the offices and apartments of a social class that has nothing in common with its

## LITTLE LULU



Quit showing off — Kleenex pops-up too!

Little Lulu says: FOR A WHALE OF A GOOD BUY IN TISSUES — BUY KLEENEX TISSUES. ONLY KLEENEX LETS YOU PULL JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME (NOT A HANDFUL) AND UP POPS ANOTHER. YOUR CHOICE OF SIZES . . . CHUBBY, HANKY OR MAN'S!



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*it takes a woman  
to understand*

Only a woman can appreciate what the invention of \*Tampax means to her while passing through those "certain days" of the month . . . This modern monthly sanitary protection is worn internally . . . and the user is not aware of its presence. This fact alone should give her poise and reduce her embarrassment and mental anxiety . . .

#### A call to freedom!

The Tampax method has been called the *freedom method* because it gives a woman freedom from the pin-belt-pad harness as well as freedom from odour. Also, Tampax gives freedom from bulging or wrinkling beneath sheer dresses and freedom from trouble in changing or disposal.

#### A doctor thought it up

Tampax was perfected by a physician and is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty applicators. You cannot even feel the Tampax when in place. Three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Ask for Tampax at drug stores, notion counters, Canadian Tampax Corporation Ltd., Brampton, Ontario.

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southern neighbors but the accident of a post-office address. It contains a speech-correcting school, a reducing studio, a private hospital, an art gallery and a concern called the Hypressure Jenny Sales and Service Ltd.

Here there is still some of the atmosphere reported in a newspaper story of 25 years ago which said that "stepping from Bloor into Jarvis is like passing from a crowded subway into the hushed serenity of a cloistered cathedral." The street seems almost haunted. Here are eerie mansions rising into narrow four-sided tower rooms crowned with iron railings and bristling with fire escapes, and in the Salvation Army's front yard, where once Sir William Mulock lazed, there stands a blasted tree.

Tall chestnuts, elms and maples shade the old flagstones and throw shadows on lawns that remember more stately days when the only noise was the clomp-clomp of an occasional prancing hackney or the imperceptible sound of clashing croquet balls.

In one of these homes, No. 610, a Mrs. Taylor runs a tourist home, points proudly at the solid paneling and gilt-framed mirror on the stairs and tells you that this was once the domicile of William F. McLean, M.P., and later of F. Morrison, K.C., one-time mayor of Hamilton.

"I tried to lease the Mulock place when Sir William died," she'll say, "but the Salvation Army beat me to it."

And this is the end of the short, raucous, wicked little street with its

misery and its tinsel-glamour, its mellowed and weathered red brick, its genteel lady boarders, gnarled old men, lacquered women and brooding ghosts.

This is Jarvis Street.

No matter how you say it, whether with the hatred of Francis Savoy, who loathes giving it as her address, or with the clinical curiosity of Dr. Miller, or the quiet pride of Mrs. Taylor in her venerable tourist home, you've got to say it out loud.

You've got to shout it like the unknown drunk, who, after first being rolled of his wallet, then arrested for causing a disturbance, hung to the bars of the black maria and shouted for all the world to hear, "Jarvis Street is a hell of a street!"

It sure is. ★

## The Merciful Mission of General Kung

Continued from page 11

remember. How much in dollars?"

General Kung produced a wounded grimace that would have drawn tears from a bulldozer. The look curdled and became a benevolent smile.

"Ah, my friend," the General whispered confidentially. "There is no money involved."

"If that's your idea of mercy, I'd hate to tangle with you when you get rough."

"No money," Kung repeated, "but something better. Something much more important." He leaned forward confidentially. "You could perhaps use a C-54 bomber, eh Mister Ballard?"

SILENCE followed; silence with depth and body.

"A C-54 Skymaster transport? A four-engined job with wings and engines?" whispered Rory.

"Flown but seventy-two hours," said the General. He consulted a slip of paper from his pocket and added the registration numbers.

"It's not standing on its nose in a bog? Not in twenty feet of salt water?"

"It stands on the airport at Hangchow. The minute you land that cargo of medical supplies . . ." The General stopped and put it this way. "Let's arrange to exchange it for your two-engined plane. The C-54 is too big for any of our pilots to handle, but we could use a Dakota."

Rory got a nudge from the gremlin of suspicion. "How'd that C-54 get there?"

Kung had an answer for that too. "It was landed there—by mistake. It came in from the north and the Red pilot was lost. It was simply handed to us and we'll exchange it with you in appreciation of our . . ."

"Who will?" demanded Rory.

The General wheezed and his fat fingers tried to entwine but co-ordination under the questioning was difficult. He tried another smile. "I will, Mister Ballard. I will go along and there can be no misunderstanding then. I personally will turn it over to you with all necessary papers, licenses and our good wishes."

"For just one hop to Hangchow?" persisted Rory. "No funny business?"

"Hangchow is a hospital area. You'll simply be flying a mission of mercy."

"I don't like one line of it," Rory grumbled.

The General looked pained. "Standing idle up there it is no good to anyone. You can fly it, Mister Ballard, and later we can give you other business."

That was enough for Rory. "Let's go," he said.

"Ah yes, but first we must have lunch, eh?" the grinning General

blustered and hauled Rory off to the dining room.

YEH, BUT what Army is the guy in?" queried Barney when the full story had been explained. "I never seen a uniform like that an' I bin collectin' buttons an' badges from every outfit I ever came up against."

"Just so long as that Skymaster flies," Rory said, "he can wear the uniform of a Venezuelan vice-admiral."

Nancy Wickware was preparing a manifest and there was new life and gaiety in her movements. A song in her heart and gentian blossoms in her eyes.

"With a ship like that you'll be able to accept cargo all the way to Melbourne," she said. "Darling, we're on our way."

"I could even fly you home for a wedding," Rory was thinking. "Holy smoke! Nancy hasn't been home since she came out here in '43 with the M.O.I. What love won't do to a gal!"

Rory and Nancy had met in Singapore after the Nips had been chased out. They had made a deal to work it out, rack up a stack of currency and start out solvent. No love-on-a-dime racket. They planned to work out their financial problem before they got married. Have fun together, work like a couple of beavers and when they'd established a sound business—orange blossoms, a honeymoon that included everything; one they could enjoy while they were still young.

"When a guy starts handing out C-54's like they wuz premiums for soap coupons," Barney moaned, "I begin to wonder."

"That baby has a payload of better than ten tons," Rory said after playing with a paper and pencil.

"Is it China where they have the Death of a Thousand Cuts?" Barney asked grimly.

A six-wheeler rumbled around the hangar and pulled up beside Rory's battered Dakota.

Barney growled: "I want to say 'This is it' but I still ain't sure what it is."

"Quit beefing! I can see you booking every minute you tool that C-54—in a very clear and precise hand," Rory grinned.

General Kung dropped down from the truck and bellowed at the coolies peering over the tail gate. They began to unload. Rory crawled up into the cargo hull and supervised the loading. Nancy stood outside, slipped a carbon under the manifest sheet and checked the consignment.

All clear and aboveboard. Bandages, gauze, splints, vaccines, tannic-acid dressings, antiseptics, morphine and dispensary items. The same old stenciled addresses, the same old Red Cross markings, the same old battered corners on the cartons.

RORY went up front and communed with his engines. He saw Barney outside standing by with the fire extinguisher, so he kicked in the starters. While the old coffee grinders warmed up he sat there checking his gauges, figuring his take-off load and giving the flight chart a last look-see. It was 750 miles to Hangchow and if the weather held it wouldn't be too rough a deal.

He felt the main cabin door slam and waited for Barney to come up front. He glanced outside again to take his wave from Nancy but the girl was not standing clear of the wing tip where she usually stood to blow him a kiss. Instead, he saw Barney backing away from under the wing, gesticulating wildly.

"Now what?" Rory pondered. "Get under way," a husky voice said from the co-pilot's seat. "And no neck-twisting, Mister Ballard."

Rory turned and stared into the opening of the Windsor tunnel. That was the muzzle of Kung's machine pistol. The big Mongol was sitting there and in the alley between the two seats stood Nancy. The girl was speechless, wild-eyed.

Ballard tried acting dumb. "Sure. Just as soon as Barney gets up here. They have flight rules, even in China, General."

Nancy's voice was strained and fear showed in her eyes. "He forced Barney off and dragged me aboard!"

Rory was trying to think, his nimble mind sorting the details and facts. He had a half a ton in the cargo hold. There was a big Mongol type in Barney's seat playing bandit with a portable cannon. What was worse, Nancy was involved in the mess and she rated no part in the deal.

"Quit gagging, General," he said, fumbling for time and an idea.

Kung shook his angry head and made circular movements with the roscoe. "There will be no co-pilot," he said.

It wasn't exactly cricket but the machine pistol carried authority.

"What's the idea?" Rory tried again as Kung rammed the pistol into his armpit. "There are rules—even carrying military supplies."

The long tapering barrel went in about three inches. "You will take off now, Mister Ballard!"

"What's the story?" Rory asked Nancy. She had lost some of the initial shock and was trying to yank her wrist from Kung's grip.

"Play it safe, Rory," Nancy warned and steadied herself behind the pilot's chair. "Go ahead and take off. I'll see it through with you."

"Okay sweetheart, but it'll be no hayride."

WHEN they had clawed their way to 3,000 feet and were heading toward Canton, Rory tried again.

Continued on page 41



# Family Portrait

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Continued from page 38

"Let's stop the fun and games, General," he began again. "It's about 750 miles to Hangchow. I should have a navigator. There's a flight chart to check, radio contacts to make..."

Kung grinned. "I am the navigator," he said and slipped a strip of air-navigation chart under the clip opposite Rory's wheel. "We will take a course North-northwest—so."

So this was the gag!

Ballard stared at the chart and then quickly back at Nancy. The new course was plainly marked in red ink and the line ran from Takhing on a bearing that would take them NNW over the high ranges at the headwaters of the Yangtze. The destination was Chengtu.

"Now we've really bought it," Rory said over his shoulder to Nancy. "You see what I see?"

Nancy's face blanched. Kung scowled, looked puzzled and ordered Nancy back into the cargo hold.

"Make yourself comfortable, sweetheart," Rory said. "We may get a break. This guy ate a big meal."

Nancy's eyes flashed the high gleam of understanding. She leaned over and brushed Rory's temple with her lips. "Let's go joy riding, pet," she whispered.

Kung punctuated his next warning with short jabs of the Mauser. "You try any tricks and that young lady will never embrace you again. I can kill her from here without leaving my seat."

"I thought this stuff was medical supplies for—"

"We'll fly to Chengtu, Mister Ballard. I'm sure you'll have enough fuel."

"Fine! I have a cargo that includes what I think is a very valuable crate—maybe gold. How do I explain that? Just how do I get a flight release to get out again?"

Kung smiled. "There will be no release. You surely don't expect to be allowed to return to Takhing; since you appear to know what this cargo includes."

"Then we are carrying gold?" Rory whispered to himself.

A fine deal. Kung had played him for a two-toned sucker. The mission-of-mercy gag was a cover to get half a ton of gold out to some personal cache where it would be available to General Kung.

"In other words," Rory snarled at Kung, "my man Barney got a nice break, eh?"

"An admirable idiom," the giant Mongol grinned.

RORY swung the Dakota over until his compass presented the new course figures. Kung nodded pleasantly

when the white letters appeared in the little oblong window.

"I hope you know what you're doing," Ballard muttered as they flogged on for the mountain range ahead.

"I believe I have planned for everything," the general said and settled back in the co-pilot's seat. "I believe I have covered every possible emergency."

"Another double cross for China," reflected Rory and put the Dakota into a climb.

After some time had passed Kung looked around to catch the pilot's eyes. "You do not seem particularly disturbed."

"I don't exactly relish what's ahead," Rory answered, "but I assure you we'll go out clean—without a squeal. We, too, have our version of saving face."

"Go out clean?"

Rory burst out laughing.

"What is so funny?" Kung enquired.

"It will be interesting to observe your version of saving face—just before you pass out."

Kung shook his fat and wheezed to a more erect position. Again he scrutinized the Canadian's eyes. There was no answer there. Nothing but a gleam of capricious intrigue. He snapped his inspection to the instruments. He knew they were climbing but still on course. He glanced out ahead and scowled at the piled-up mounds of craggy peaks and the bundles of wind-harried clouds rolling through the mountain fortresses ahead.

"I do not understand," he said finally. "When I do not understand, I become angry."

Rory began to twist the probe. "You work this out, General. After we left the bar this morning you ate a hearty lunch. A particularly lusty meal of fried lamb and a glutinous pile of browned rice; all that topped off with a revolting hunk of pastry."

"Ah yes," Kung beamed. "And you—you refrained and decided on a cup of tea and something light between two slices of er—toast."

"That was a break," Rory smiled. "I was too full of your promise of a C-54 to be hungry."

"That reflection—it makes you happy?"

"That reflection," mimicked Rory, "gives me great pleasure."

The corners of the general's mouth drooped. He took another gander at the chart.

"An explanation, please," he demanded.

Rory obliged. "To get to Chengtu we'll have to fly over a wide area averaging about 18,000 feet above sea level. That hefty meal you tucked away so ravenously won't sit well at altitude. According to the book, and I quote, you will first experience severe nausea, painful gastric disturbances and other physical discomforts before you pass out, unquote."

"Pass out?"

"That means kick the bucket, snuff it, suffocate—poof!"

Kung produced another smile. "Ah, but I anticipated such a situation. You think I am not familiar with the use of—the—the oxygen face? What do you call it?"

Rory shook his head slowly, wagged a negative finger. "You'd better shoot me now, General. You'll probably pass out before I do. No oxygen aboard. This hulk isn't equipped for high-altitude flight. Not even a walk-around bottle."

The general sighed and for a time sat silent and stared at the spread of white death ahead. Finally he asked plaintively: "And you—and the young lady?"

"Eventually," Rory replied thought-

fully. "I'd say it was a good gamble. Aeroembolism's a queer thing. Considering your age, your weight and that big meal, you should die first. I might hang on long enough to..."

"And the young lady?" Kung repeated.

THAT was the snapper. Rory contemplated the situation and wondered what he'd been living for all these years. He figured he'd been a young ball of fire but right now he knew he hadn't lived—not really lived—until he looked into that gun muzzle. It was when he saw Kung's great paw clamped on Nancy's wrist. All the rest had been a dream outside the orbit of time.

Prior to all this, life had been a sunny road with a certain number of houses, a few stores, a newspaper stand, a certain number of drinks and sandwiches. All that had been on the ground, and what time he had put in the air was only a job. He could have been a sand hog, a deep-sea diver, a steeplejack. It would have all worked out the same.

Back there Nancy, who knew the score and realized what could happen, was probably sitting quiet, breathing slowly, fighting in silence to hang onto what was left in her lungs. She was jammed in among the crates and cartons of a mercy flight and if they cracked up—that part didn't add up. It wasn't in the deal for her to take flight risks, but there she was and she would go out just as fast and die just as dead as any of them. Perhaps she would hang on longer and sit there waiting for the Dakota to hit. The rules were diverse and she might be deprived of the high sleep that would blot out the final seconds of paroxysmal terror.

"And the young lady?" the general persisted. "The young lady will die too?"

"Eventually," Rory decided from the tangle of his thoughts. "However, it's a good gamble. Our lives against yours."

The big Mongol relaxed, his arms crossed, the pistol still pointing across the cockpit. Somewhere deep in his mind he was weighing his problem with tense and concentrated fury. It was all there on his cerebral abacus and he flipped the beads back and forth, calculating his vitality against the physical laws of mankind. Figuring the chances of his 240 pounds of human frailty against the dwindling measures of oxygen for a golden prize that would make an emperor of him.

There could be no turning back, because there was no way of saving face.

Genghis Khan must have faced a thousand such decisions.

General Kung nodded: "It is a good gamble. I believe we will all live through it," he said and tied up Rory's packet of woe.

RORY tried to relax as he held the creaking transport in her climb. The altimeter was trembling just short of the 14,000-foot mark. It was biting cold even though the sun rammed long golden lanes through the tumbling clouds and planted aureate catwalks all the way to the shoulders of the great peaks ahead. Weird reflections of light played optical tricks and crystal squares danced with vague violet ovals, swung partners with yellow triangles and sashayed back with aquamarine discs. Rory wondered if this was a gay symptom of aeroembolism. If so the ancient Kung must be seeing top-hatted angels performing tight-rope acts.

The ice-tipped winds whipping through the iron-black caverns below,

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Who hazard their hours

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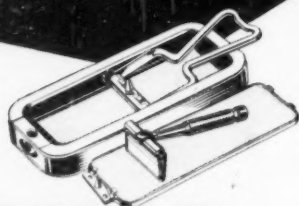
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# THE Windsor

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were driving flocks of cottony sheep up through the passes, herding them into the main packs cloaking the giant peaks. Rory wondered whether the weary Dakota had the charge to vault over or whether they would pile into some heavenly cathedral before the fangs of suffocation snapped.

One segment of his mind wished the range was a million miles high. There was no assurance the barrel-chested general would go out over 18,000 feet. No assurance of any kind. Men cut off from oxygen had lived to get down from 40,000—some had. Kung might suffer discomfort, he might even snap his biscuits, but he'd still have enough left to act rough with that Mauser. The dope could become unbalanced while the pressure was on and go berserk. It had happened before.

The first snow-stoed defenses of the range loomed up, gaunt and threatening. Rory tried to figure from Kung's strip of chart what chances were for gaining more altitude while he nipped through the gymkhana of peaks and pinnacles. He turned and glanced at the general and a faint hope fused a light smile.

Kung was slumped deeper in his seat, his great chest heaving, his mouth open with the dirty pink of his gums showing down to the brown footings of his teeth. His breath came in forced spasmodic jerks. His suet-set eyes flinted faintly.

RORY could only hope—turn back to his task, wheeling the gust-tossed Dakota through the turbulence, fingering the wheel and treading the rudder controls. The skyway narrowed and he banked to seek the safety of midchannel position. He gasped as a great shelf of granitic outcropping swept past his wing tip. Fear gripped as he realized the gasp was slow and delayed. His reflexes taunted him with their tardy responses. Then he knew. Rory dragged deep and tried to fill his lungs. His temples throbbed and his ears drummed. He was passing out and perhaps might never live to haul the Dakota over the saw-toothed crest a few miles ahead.

This was it! It had to be it. He was whacked and there was no choice. He was suffocating, at the limit of his capacity and sensibilities. His timetable was there in a series of figures on the faces of a dozen grinning dials. Altitude marked his limitation to survive. The clock ticked off the seconds, eking out the dwindling span of life and effort.

But he knew he was entitled to one last bold gesture of respectability. A final upsurge of honor. No false dramatics, calling on the past glories of ancestry. No fine high-spirited battle cry that had once resounded through the hills, across the battlefields of his clan.

Instead Rory cried out: "Nancy!" and chopped down savagely on the general's gun hand. The Mauser exploded with a roar and pasted a splintered star dead centre on the side windshield. Kung gasped and bell-cranked to his feet. Rory brought a short left hook up with mathematical precision. It detonated clean, like a carefully fused shell and the Chinaman went over the back of the co-pilot's chair and hit on his back in the alley.

Rory tried to follow but the Dakota tilted under the blast of an updraft and he was seconds late. Kung struggled to sit erect. Rory saw the gun swing around again, the muzzle traversing until it bore-sighted on his chest.

Rory waited for the copper-jacketed slug to rip him open. There was a high-pitched scream, a flash of silken knees and the gun exploded, drilling a hole through the roof. A Cuban heel

crushed down between Kung's eyes as Nancy leaped through the tangle. The gun barked again and blasted a hole through the back of Ballard's chair. A screen of white linen flashed past as Rory reached for Kung's throat.

"Rory!" Nancy screamed.

A set of golden oblongs swept up from the floor, flashed along the walls and planted themselves incongruously on the ceiling. Shifted by the tilting plane, the cargo boxes had jerked loose, and one, torn open, had released its gold bars.

The Dakota was floundering to get on her back.

Rory sensed what the girl had set out to do. "Neutralize everything," he screeched and rammed his thumbs deep into Kung's neck. "Everything in neutral!"

WHATEVER Nancy did, the golden oblongs slowly moved back to their regulation positions. Rory clutched and slammed the General's head hard against the catwalk floor. He felt the warm ooze of blood, drew back, stared at his hands and clenched his teeth. Slowly he rose from the prostrate man, picked up the gun and crawled back up the alley.

"What happened, sweetheart?" Rory took over and eased the Dakota back on course. "What the heck did you hit him with?"

Nancy sat wide-eyed and trembling. "I just jumped—when I saw his head in the alley. I felt my heel . . ." she patted her belt and swallowed hard. "It felt awful!"

"The guy's out cold. You really did a job with those 3-B's of yours." He grinned and began to swing the transport around within the narrow confines of the castellated range. "How do you feel now, baby?"

"I feel fine. Scared, but fine."

"I mean—the altitude."

"It doesn't bother me yet."

"Okay. Keep your eye on me, eh? I was passing out, I think. If I begin to cork off, whack me around some until we can get downstairs."

"We're going back?"

"As fast as this hulk will get us there!" Rory reached for Kung's strip of air chart. "That egg may be dead when we get in but that thin red line on that chart will be enough to cover us. He was trying to get away with half a ton of gold!"

"What about that four-engined ship?" Nancy asked.

"Skip it! Maybe there'll be a reward for that crate of dough back there, but whatever happens we're selling out and bustin' home."

"You mean . . . ?"

"Look, sweetheart," Rory said with his old smile. "This isn't for us. We're people—real people. Anyway, you are. All that hoopla about dough doesn't mean a thing. We are what matters. I'll take the suburban life, a slim pay envelope, a mortgaged bungalow and a gal named Mrs. Ballard. That's for us, sweetheart. I couldn't take another show like this."

"With a C-54 we could fly home," Nancy chipped in.

Rory shook his head. "That's out! Some yegg would want to pay us for hauling a lot of junk home and we'd be back in—all the way up to our aerial. I'll haul groceries, garbage, gundrops or golf balls in a flivver pickup. That'll be speedy enough for me, after this."

Nancy sat thoughtful for some minutes. Then she reached over and took Kung's Mauser.

"Just in case," she explained and patted the muzzle. "Just in case you ever want to change your mind, Mister Ballard." ★



## But I Couldn't Find Picasso

Continued from page 15

the main course of chicken cooked in herbs, spiced rice, and a mixture of spinach and mushrooms, each passenger gets a bottle of champagne (or, if preferred, a light vintage wine). Then there's cheese, sweets, iced fruit, coffee and choice of liqueurs. Below, the sea is lost beneath a cloud floor, night comes early for we are rushing to meet it.

Another day is with you at 1.30 a.m. and by 2 a.m. you pile cheerily into hot coffee and rolls.

And then it's Orly, outside Paris, and the inevitable tightening of your stomach muscles at the customs, however innocent you may be. It's a nippy morning, 3 a.m. home time—less than 16 hours from La Guardia—9 a.m. here.

Paris, even on this grey early winter day, is an echo in your heart, a love remembered, a romance bound by streets, bridges and sophistication. Who hasn't had a dream about Paris, a rendezvous there, one day. Me too.

So when the garrulous porter had piled my bags into the ancient cab, just about to fall apart from sheer fatigue, at the Aerogare de Paris-Invalids, I gave a detour route to my hotel. Via Champs Elysees. The date, springs ago, was to have been kept on that gay street, when the chestnut trees bloomed. My own slowness, and war, and death, intervened.

It was like looking at a physical part of your own heart, in this city of the heart, to drive up that empty street this sharp October Sunday morning. And the only warm thing was the constantly burning flame under the Arch of Triumph, at the far end.

With Thérèse and Yves Gadbois, fellow Canadians, that first night in Paris, I talked of familiar warm things in Lotbinière, and Quebec; and a stop at a very swanky bar and Yves saying: "Do you want high life or low life, tonight." And Thérèse: "Let's take medium." Which turned out to be Le Lapin Agile on Montparnasse Heights.

Another rain-misted night to the Théâtre National de L'Opéra where singing the leading role in Mozart's "La Flute Enchantée" was Leopold Simoneau, from Montreal.

Later, in a dressing room, beyond a maze of backstage, there was big, dark Leopold with a grease-covered face and his wife, Pierrette Alarie, both of them looking like kids barely out of high school, both helping to assure the world that Canada was not a barren waste land where Mounties got their men and people shot polar bears as relaxation from sawing down a tree; but also a land that has contributed culturally to the older civilizations.

### A Party by Candlelight

Some weeks later Paris was a blue dawn, and the getting off the Orient Express into a crowded station and sleeping streets. And a note at my hotel (barely stirring yet to the wet mop of the drowsy man in the lobby), a note from Allan Kent, from Kingston and Toronto, saying: "I hear you are on the Continent. Call me as soon as you get in."

It was 6 a.m., and serve him right I thought, and called him.

So that night we explored the Left Bank and got invited to a party. We'd dropped in at Chez Inez, 15 Rue Champollion, a small restaurant on a stony, curving street. At the next table to the left was heiress Doris Duke with a handsome dark man. To the right a group of young students holding onto their one vermouth for the evening. Inez likes the combination.

She is a big, hearty Negro from

Harlem, with a throaty voice that could make even a bad song sound exotic. She joined us later and said, "We're closed tomorrow, but stop by at a party we are giving."

The party was in one of those dismal-looking apartment buildings that are reached by a locked gate to a small court. The lights were out—as lights go out at the oddest hours all over Paris because of power shortage—and we were guided up long flights of stone stairs in the flicker of a candle. The party was made up of the entertainers in the little Left Bank restaurants, musicians; some Negro lads from the Raymond Duncan School of Dancing and a couple of the inevitable students. As time went on everyone did their best pieces in the small, friendly room, the monologues, the songs, climaxing with a young Negro stripping to dance his interpretation of the symphony pouring out of the small battery radio.

Oh, Paris! Even after I got down to the Côte d'Azur, chasing Picasso, I kept remembering the incredible fashion shows where you enter salons through doors that look as though they opened on private houses, and get the afternoon-tea atmosphere. Except for the Russian countess who goes to sleep through the whole show of new fashions but wakes up with a start at the end and buys half the collection. Probably with the remainder of her twice-pawned jewels.

### The Cats and Kittens Cascade

And shall I ever forget the jewelers where they said: "This, of course, is quite cheap. Only 11 million francs."

Picasso was my *bête noir* all right. My dictatorial office had said: "See him." When I was in Paris he was on the Riviera. When I got to the Riviera he had gone to Rome. When I arrived in Rome he had left for Paris. When I got back to Paris he had vanished. It isn't my fault.

But in white-and-pink Nice by the blue blue sea I saw Matisse on a warm sunny November day.

His apartment is on the third floor of the ex-Regina Hotel, now turned into flats. He hadn't been well and received us in bed. He sat against his pillows as upon a throne, a massive, bright-eyed man, with a crowded bed table set over his knees, two small kittens asleep in the folds of the blankets, and a majestic big cat sitting upright at the foot of the bed.

Sun came pouring in upon the white walls on which had been drawn, in charcoal, above - life - size figures of Dominican monks.

He laughed about the raging controversy over a poster he had given the city (palm tree with fruit), presented me an autographed copy of it, stroked his beard, and launched into the matter closest to his heart.

This is the chapel at Vence, an ancient village an hour's drive from Nice. "My last work," Matisse calls it. "I must not die until this work is finished."

He was given a completely free hand to build a chapel for the Dominican sisters, and his whole flat of studios—even his bedroom can quite appropriately be called a studio—is dedicated to this one work. In an immense empty room, directly off the bedroom, the walls are completely covered with floor-to-ceiling roughs of figures and window designs. In the middle of the floor there is a cardboard set of the chapel.

His plan is to use stained glass windows only for color, having their light reflect on white, luminous walls, and the black outline of the figures of Jesus, the Madonna, the monks, and

Continued on page 45

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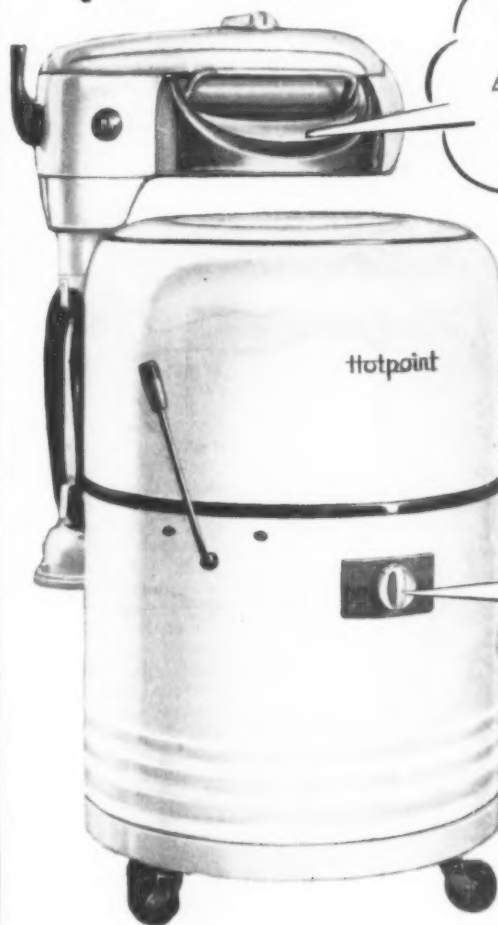


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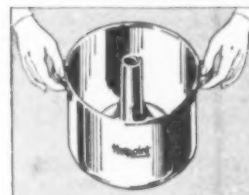
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\* An observation by Jonathan Swift, Irish satirist, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and author of "Gulliver's Travels".

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Publication

# MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited in Canada by Canadians for Canadians



Continued from page 43

the religious scenes he plans to use.

While he talks in a rollicking voice his movements cascade the kittens about, other indolent cats stroll in and out of the room, the sun pours in. It was that very sun that first tempted Matisse away from Paris where, in those early years of the century, people used to scribble on the walls of the Montparnasse: "Matisse engenders folly; Matisse is more dangerous than absinthe."

Throughout his life he has been something of a recluse. On the streets of Nice, very conscious of its lions and fabulous visitors, Matisse passes unrecognized. And at Venice in the mountains, where he lived for six years, the painter passes with the ease of incognito. He has preferred it so.

I sensed something of his way of life in these Alpes-Maritimes the week I spent at St. Paul de Vence, a little Saracen town folded neatly inside its high stone ramparts, on the point of a hill a walking distance from the town of Vence.

You see it set like a clumsy crown on the height, the chapel steeple striking the highest, vineyards patterning the slopes below the walls. Here there is always the singing sound of fountains, the merry noise of pigeons, the staccato accompaniment of echoing cobblestones to your step. Here you pick your morning fruit from the vines below your terrace and lunch in the open at a next table to artists who come from the world over to the mellow ease of these mountain villages.

There is a saying that if, at St. Paul, you don't turn into a genius there must be something wrong with you.

#### Rossellini Broke a Date

Picasso has drawn pictures on tablecloths here—framed now tidily by the villagers. Paul Roux who keeps the restaurant of Colombe d'Or, after watching Matisse, Picasso and various other masters at work, borrowed some of their paints and tossed off a few pictures himself. They're pretty good too.

At Paul Roux' the Hon. Mrs. Vane, from London, was showing her water colors of New Zealand; the deaf painter Borsi had come down from his kilns in Vence (he prefers painting in ceramics) with his Spanish wife; the Humphreys, from Vermont, were down from their house on the ramparts; and Paul Roux was showing his autograph collection which includes the signatures of the Duke of Windsor and his Duchess, hers followed by a huge ink blot.

In Rome, since Picasso had vanished again, I was supposed to see Rossellini. Since *l'affaire Bergman* (she is living in his sister's apartment, according to Roman gossip) he has been chary of publicity and, though appointments were made, they were not followed through.

While waiting I inspected the town and listened to the talk. In the smaller bistros people would sit over their new wine and eat *cachi* (looks like a tomato and tastes like honey) and talk of the power shortage; of the frequent parades of young men who go to shout Mussolini slogans and sing fascist songs before the American Embassy.

In the lush gathering places, such as the Excelsior bar, you could find Hollywood producers and actors, and the talk was of films to be made and the best shops or bars from Los Angeles to London to Shanghai.

It was one evening at the Excelsior over a *negrosi* with Bill Dowdell, who works for the newspaper *Roman-American*, with people like Brian Ahearne, Binnie Barnes, Richard Ney

and Orson Welles at adjacent tables, that a mild little man with a tidy smile and a soft voice stopped to say a low "hello."

"This is Lucky Luciano," said Bill. I said "How d'you do" politely, and then did a double take. "You mean . . ." I started.

The little man waved a deprecating hand, a gesture that seemed to say apologetically, "Nothing to it." Bill

rocked with laughter. "That's right, the gangster," he said.

"How are things at home?" Luciano asked wistfully. "Will you have dinner with us and tell me of good old New York?"

We had dinner at Bibliothèque, a cellar tavern with the walls handsomely lined with bottles, Luciano, Igeya, his ballet-dancer friend, a beautiful dark girl, and Dowdell.

## CANADIANECDOTE



### A Debt to Whistling Duck

NOBODY cared when Whistling Duck, a Chippewa, was murdered by an unknown white man on the outskirts of York in 1803. Nobody, that is, except his brother, Ogitioniquat (Stormy Weather).

Stormy Weather had heard much about the white man's law and the King's justice; he just sat back and waited for absolving vengeance. Nothing happened. So Stormy Weather haunted the doorstep of the new Government. His departure for the muskrat hunting grounds caused a minor celebration in lesser governmental circles.

Out in the hunting grounds Stormy Weather couldn't sleep. Whistling Duck's spirit was really to blame. Kept coming back and nudging him, reminding him of his brotherly duty. Stormy Weather explained that he had done all he could and if the King's officers couldn't find the murderer how could he? After a time Whistling Duck became more impatient. Why be so particular? Any white would do.

Stormy Weather hadn't thought of that. He got up, cut himself a black ash club and hopped an old watchman at a trader's post. It worked. Stormy Weather felt like a man who had paid off the mortgage. At least that was what he told everyone.

The white man's justice he had found so slow began to function with breath-taking alacrity. He was hustled into the new jail.

Mr. Justice Thomas Cochran decreed it must be established what county the old man was sitting in when Stormy Weather's club descended. Well, he had been sitting on an island in the

middle of Lake Scugog. Half the island was in Home county, and half in the county of Newcastle.

His Lordship sent a party of surveyors out and weeks later they reported: The old man had been sitting seven feet inside Newcastle County.

His Lordship ruled that the prisoner must be tried at the county seat, the village of Presqu'île, 100 miles east of York by forest trail. He sent for Capt. Tom Paxton, master of the provincial sloop Speedy. It was now November, and Tom Paxton knew that the sloop wasn't safe on stormy Ontario. He stopped in at the office of rising young lawyer, William Weekes, and had his will drawn up.

Weekes, fascinated by the case, tried to persuade his friend Robert Dey Gray to ride with him to Presqu'île. Dey Gray, as Solicitor-General, was in charge of the prosecution. He said "No," and Weekes rode alone.

The 39 passengers who crowded aboard the Speedy included the whole of the legal fraternity west of Montreal. His Lordship, the Chief Justice; the Solicitor-General; Angus Macdonnell, M.P., who was to act for the defense; the High Bailiff of York; attorneys-at-law; Indian interpreters; constables; jurymen; witnesses; clerks of the court; and the prisoner, Stormy Weather.

Weekes fought his way through a storm to Presqu'île; the Speedy didn't make it. Ship, crew, passengers and prisoner all vanished.

A year later Weekes was killed in a duel.

Stormy Weather's batting average was strictly big league. —Eric Acland.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

Every time Luciano would speak of "home," as he invariably refers to the States, Igeya would say sharply, "You are quite happy here, Toto, you are content in Italy, aren't you?" And Charlie "Lucky" Luciano would nod slowly, only once saying mildly that the inactivity was rather a strain on him.

The power in Rome was so short that the Canadian Embassy functioned throughout long dark rainy afternoons in gaslight. In his vast, shadow-filled office, by the flickering gas flame, His Excellency Jean Désy, the Canadian Ambassador to Rome, suggested I might see the new catacombs under the Basilica of St. Peter. The Roman rumor says that the Pope's main Holy Year announcement will be the discovery of the bones of St. Peter in these very catacombs.

We went there one Sunday, the Désys, some of the embassy staff, and the big bluff Bishop of Peterborough and two priests with him.

You enter the crypts by the high altar, under the dome of Michelangelo. As you go down the stairs and look up the dome seems as high as the sky, the far-above shaft of sunlight a minor miracle. The candlelit dusk trembles to many low prayers.

The first, white-washed chambers, immediately below the church floor, are now filled with Vatican treasures and tombs of cardinals and popes. It was while workmen were trying to lower the floor level of one of these crypts to make room for the sarcophagus of Pope Pius XI that they stumbled upon the marble pavement of the Constantine basilica, some eight inches under the existing floor.

The excitement was immense. Here was proof that Constantine had built his church over what has always been believed to be the site of St. Peter's tomb. Perhaps, after these many centuries, the bones of the saint would at last be found. As they kept excavating—and you can still on weekdays hear the unceasing rattatattat of hammers echoing softly in the vast hall of the basilica from the crypts below—an early Christian cemetery emerged from the rubble of the ages.

I thought how odd it was that our small group of Canadians could loiter down the stone alleys built sometime in the fourth century after Christ, underneath the great weight of this magnificent church, our way neatly lighted by bold electric bulbs, though the air still carried the musty scent of long-forgotten years.

Another flight down we came to the ancient chambers of the long dead. The floor was partly flooded this Sunday and we walked down a hastily constructed bridge of blocks and planks. Here as bright as centuries ago was a red wall, black earth still sticking to it. Old frescoes of bacchanalian dances upon a tomb side. Whoever lay here had died shortly after Christ died.

There is a ragged hole in the wall. I stare down at the newly disturbed earth, and see bones. How fleeting, as far as we know, how mysterious, the spirit. Yet the bones, here yellowed and crumbling, do remain. Dusting to dust.

The weight of the immense edifice above us seems to light on your shoulders. The past stirs uneasily at your feet. Did he love too—or was it a she—this skeleton within the broken tomb? Did he know the misery and the uselessness and the loneliness? And sometimes did he wake to a morning when life was hope and the sun was gold, and hours trembled with expectation?

And did he, somewhere, remember still? Shall we too remember? ★

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CUT OUT AND SAVE



Like a Goddard gown? Or a Hayworth hat?

## HAND-ME-DOWN HEAVEN

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

WOULD you like to dance in a gold-sequined gown once worn by Rita Hayworth, go skating in a svelte Sonja Henie outfit of black and white velvets, or travel in a suit of tweeds designed for Greer Garson by top Hollywood designer Irene?

Perhaps you would rather sleep in Hedy Lamarr's pyjamas, putter around the house in Lana Turner's bathroom robe, or merely shuffle about the bedroom in Yvonne de Carlo's furry pink and white mules?

Thanks to a green-eyed, red-haired, ex-follies girl named Dorothea Richmond, now living in Hollywood, you can do all of these things.

She is the proprietor of the shop which sells only garments worn by movie stars.

Prices start at \$5.95. A mink coat that a star has used only a couple of years you may snap up for \$3,000.

Here can be found Adrian suits created for Joan Crawford, elaborate cocktail frocks in foreign fabrics once owned by Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard and Marlene Dietrich, negligees worn by Hedy Lamarr, Maria Montez and others.

It all began about 10 years ago when

Dorothea Richmond was having dinner at the Hollywood Brown Derby. As a celebrity arrived Miss Richmond heard the lament of a thin, quavering voice at the next table.

"Honey, I'd give six weeks of my pay if I could go back home wearing that dress."

The dress was a plain gingham-and-lace affair that you could buy at almost any department store. Or at least a factory facsimile of it. But it happened to be on the famous form of Ginny Simms.

The lament of the home-town girl set Miss Richmond thinking. There must be thousands of girls like that. There were.

Ten years of selling the cast-off clothing of the stars has taught Miss Richmond at least three things. One: the stars, who have problems and responsibilities like ordinary mortals, cannot afford to give away their wardrobes. Two: women will sacrifice much to possess just one glamorous item; Three: everybody loves a bargain.

Today Dorothea Richmond's cast-off-clothing emporium is a \$1 million business. It's located in the heart of the Sunset Strip, a stone's throw from the night clubs, the offices of top movie

agents, fashionable *couturiers*, hair-dressers, and antique stores.

"The customer I can't resist," says Dorothea, "is the young starlet about to make an important test. She knows that half the battle is wearing the right clothes. And, in Hollywood, wearing the right clothes means appearing in a glamorous, expensive outfit that only a star can afford."

She never refuses wardrobe help to a girl with the gleam of stardom in her eyes. There was the little dark-haired, shy dancer, who was alternating between engagements at the Florentine Gardens and Earl Carroll's Theatre. This girl, who was born in Canada, is today one of Hollywood's top stars: Yvonne de Carlo.

Most grateful of all Miss Richmond's customers is exotic Maria Montez. During her slow climb to success she was a steady customer at the "Gowns of the Stars" store. She still returns and goes over the stock, buying odd garments for friends who are not as fortunate.

All are not grateful, however. "Many of the actresses won't admit they bought clothes from me when they were nobodies," Dorothea says. "Too many women feel that it is humiliating to wear clothes once worn by other women."

### He Bought His Wife's Clothes

Greatest part of her business comes from out-of-towners, film fans, souvenir hunters. Women from all over the continent write in for clothes they have seen the stars wear in pictures, and often Dorothea is successful in getting them for the enquirer at a fraction of the original cost.

"The studios don't like parting with their movie wardrobes," Dorothea reveals. "Today, because of increasing costs, they use the same clothes over and over. Outfits are juggled around, trimmings are changed, materials redyed, so that they won't be recognized. But every now and again I'm lucky."

Her most curious experience was when a male star came in and bought the entire wardrobe of his divorced wife, also a star. He was going with another girl and wherever they were seen together she wore these expensive clothes.

Dorothea was furious because the humiliation of the former wife was the talk of the town. But everything turned out okay. Because of the trick the pair were reconciled and are now once again happily married.

Dorothea knows that there are limitations to her good fortune. Some of the stars who sell to her don't want their names mentioned. This is a confidence that she has to keep. Both the stars and the studios don't want her to exploit their names in bad taste. She never does.

### He Was in Love With Miss Smith

When Carole Landis, one of the most popular actresses in Hollywood, committed suicide in July, 1948, Dorothea found she had a whole rack of the late star's clothes. She wrapped them up and shipped them off to England, and a good cause. She didn't want to cash in on one of the most unhappy events in film history.

The letter Dorothea prizes most is: "Dear Miss Richmond: You may not remember me, but two years ago I bought a gown that had been worn by Alexis Smith, and wore it at a dance with my boy friend. What I didn't know was that he had been secretly in love with Alexis Smith for years. Anyway, it paid off, and today we are happily married and have two lovely baby girls." ★



## E. P. Taylor and His Empire

Continued from page 7

of interlocking directorates behind the façade of a bewildering number of familiar brand names.

It is becoming increasingly difficult to get through 24 hours without coming into contact with one or other of Taylor's enterprises. The Indians at Pond Inlet who salt their fish with Sifto, Goderich or Purity salt are in his orbit. So are the Eskimos at Cambridge Bay who sweeten their tea with Lantic or Acadia sugar. The housewife bleaching her Monday wash with Javex or shopping at Dominion Stores, the schoolboy munching a Sweet Marie or a Suchard bar, the stenographer gulping an Orange Crush, Kik Cola, Hires root beer or America Dry ginger ale, the businessman bolting lunch at Honey Dew or Muirheads, the farmer in his Massey-Harris tractor, the builder working with Ace-Tex or Donnacona board, the laborer downing an O'Keefe's, Carling's, Bradings, or Cincinnati Cream beer or ale, the lumberman who works for B.C. Forest products, the girl friend who gets a box of Willard's or Picardy chocolates, the baby nibbling a cookie made by Manning's or Barker's or bought at Woman's or Window Bakeries, or anyone who reads National Home Monthly, or listens to CFRB, Canada's largest independent radio station—all these contribute in some way to the destinies of E. P. Taylor and the keen, hard-driving young businessmen with whom he is associated.

Taylor is also in soybeans (he dominates the industry in Canada), malt, industrial alcohol, dyestuffs, pulp and papers, flour and tar. His considerable foreign interests include Brewing Corporation of America (fifth largest in the U. S.), the U. S. subsidiary of Orange Crush, which is also marketed throughout South America, and the world-wide interests of Massey-Harris.

### "My Work Is My Hobby"

A burly (210 pounds) six-footer he has capped his 48th year by becoming director of Canada's largest bank, the Royal. But staring out recently from the picture window of his mahogany-paneled office on his rolling 600-acre Toronto estate he insisted again, as he often has, that he is neither personally wealthy ("just well-to-do") nor personally all-powerful, that he wants neither money nor influence, that he is in business and always has been, for the hell of it.

Business to Eddie Taylor is the be-all and end-all of modern life. "My work is my hobby," he is fond of saying. It is also his religion. He does business at breakfast, lunch and dinner, over the paddock rail at Belmont (where Taylor horses finish in the money), in his office suites in Cincinnati, New York and Montreal, in his Grumman Mallard aircraft, in his kidney-shaped swimming pool, and under his breath in the back row of the private basement theatre where on week ends he treats friends and servants to first-run movies.

His single-mindedness of purpose, key to his success, is all-encompassing. An acquaintance once registered surprise at the unusual spectacle of Taylor, who has little interest in music, small talk, or society, heading for a musicale. The explanation was simple: "There's a man there I want to meet."

During the war, when gas rationing kept him out of his three Cadillacs, Taylor would meet his secretary at Yonge Street and the two of them would work over reports and balance



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sheets while clinging to a streetcar strap.

A Canadian Breweries executive recalls the spectacle of Taylor dashing out to Malton airport en route to England, dictating as he went, and shouting a "Yours sincerely" at a secretary as the doors of the plane were closing.

Before Taylor moved his office to his estate he'd have lunch sent up from the nearest Taylor-controlled Honey Dew restaurant while he worked. "With him it was simply a case of stoking the machine," an associate said the other day. "I'd be biting into my first sandwich, I'd look up and Taylor would be finished, pushing back his dishes and reaching for more papers." (Taylor reads fast, too. He recently gobbled up a 600-page book on world government—a pet subject with him—on a brief plane trip to the U.S.)

Taylor, who likes to start his day at 6.30 a.m. with a fast horseback ride, keeps a rapid-fire schedule of appointments, often 15 minutes apart, right up to 7 p.m. when he pauses to race through dinner. ("He's good for about five minutes of chit-chat, then back to business," a dinner companion reports.) Then, often as not, he opens a bulky briefcase and works till midnight. He starts directors' meetings on the dot, eyes his watch during proceedings and has his Canadian Breweries annual meeting down to a flat 17 minutes.

Sunday—to Taylor—is just another day in which to practice his particular religion. (His wife only occasionally gets him to St. John's Anglican church.) On week ends executives' cars crowd the parking space outside his big-windowed office cottage. One of his men, turning up for a Sunday morning conference, noted a shotgun leaning against the door. Taylor, it appeared, had looked up from work, seen a pheasant in a clump of brush, potted it, gone back to work again.

#### He Had the Cold Licked

This jet-age schedule would kill many men, and has. Taylor's father and uncle, both Canadian Breweries executives, died of heart attacks. So did his first partner, Clark Jennison, reading his morning paper in the Chateau Laurier. So did quiet, taciturn K. S. Barnes, one of Taylor's mainstays in the company, packing his bag in Toronto's King Edward Hotel one Christmas.

But Eddie Taylor's cherubic, dimpled features radiate good health. In his younger days he donned shorts and raced around the block before breakfast. A few years ago he boasted, "I've even got the common cold licked." This keep-fit urge caused him some embarrassment during the war.

Ronalds' Press had entered suit against Taylor over a printing contract for New World magazine, one of his holdings. Taylor's lawyers argued their dollar-a-year-man client had been too busy with government business in New York and Washington to keep an eye on detail. C. C. Ronalds promptly pointed out that Taylor hadn't seemed too busy when he saw him taking dancing lessons at Arthur Murray's. Taylor later explained to an acquaintance that this was the only way he'd been able to get his exercise.

Now, as it apparently must to all 20th-century businessmen, stomach trouble has finally come to E. P. Taylor. Though outwardly unruffled he must inwardly be irked by this chink in his armor. He is a man who hates to lose (though he's not necessarily a poor loser). He would much rather think about Massey-Harris, which last year piled up the greatest profits in its history, than about Orange

Crush which, after 14 years under Taylor, is only now struggling into the black.

Once one of Taylor's men congratulated him on his horse Windfields coming second in a race. Taylor's response was curt: "I only like winners."

Taylor likes to show movies with happy endings—racy detective stories and fast musicals. He does not care for tragedy and he does not understand introverts.

He is, in short, the embodiment of the common conception of the North American businessman carried to its end point. He is as modern as the word "tycoon" which came into the colloquial language in the 30's when Taylor was starting to expand. His blond-mahogany and limed-oak offices with their pink and yellow lamps and green and beige walls, his four-color annual reports which look more like slick magazines, his clean-cut well-starched college-trained executives are all up-to-the-minute. So are his cedar- and birch-lined stables (he owns 60 race horses, 60 Aberdeen Angus beef cattle) and the glass and pastel Honey Dew shops which he rescued from white-tiled obscurity.

"There is nothing of the past in Taylor's house," an acquaintance has pointed out. A solid stone, rambling colonial structure, it is decorated in the light bright colors that seem to fit Taylor's hearty personality.

His attitude to labor is equally modern. One jump ahead of the unions he has never had a strike. Pension plans and employee benefits sprout when Taylor takes over a company. Long before Ford startled his colleagues by announcing \$100-a-month pensions the lowest-paid Canadian Breweries employee (\$200 a month) could figure on a \$125 monthly pension after 40 years. Taylor's whole thinking looks forward—to free trade, state medicine, unrestricted immigration and world union.

#### Nine Hours in a Lifeboat

This outlook once caused Taylor some discomfort. In 1940 he headed for England with Hon. C. D. Howe aboard the Western Prince. In case of trouble Taylor, who the month before had chided an associate for wearing old-fashioned buttons on his pants, outfitted himself with the last word in down-lined duck suits, bristling with zippers. Sure enough, the ship was torpedoed at dawn.

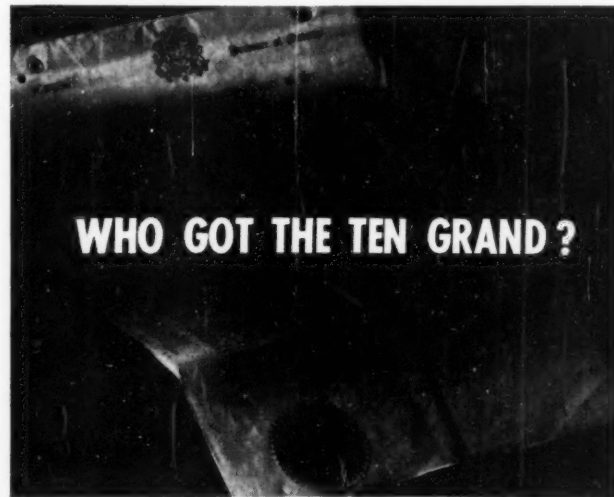
With three minutes to hit the deck Howe ran into Taylor who was perfectly attired except for one item.

"Where are your pants?" Howe asked.

"The damn zippers wouldn't work!" Taylor snapped. He shivered for nine hours in an open boat.

Later Taylor was asked if he ever

## WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT?



**WHO GOT THE TEN GRAND?**

By C. Walter Hodgson

IN LATE 1945 a woman lay seriously ill in hospital in Port Hope, Ont., when the news was broken to her that her husband had died, leaving her a home and some \$10,000 in insurance. A few days later she called the manager of a local bank to her bedside, gave him \$560 and asked him to open a joint account in the names of herself and a sister who lived in Toronto. She signed the necessary forms without reading them and subsequently deposited the insurance money in the same account.

Three months later the widow also died, not long after writing a will providing for the division

of her estate equally among her four sisters and a brother. But a family dispute arose as to whether the \$10,000 was or was not part of this estate, since it had been placed in the joint account—and in setting up the account the widow had agreed that "the death of one or more of the undersigned shall not affect the right of survivors or any one of them to withdraw all of the said moneys and interest... This agreement shall be binding upon the heirs of the undersigned."

The Toronto sister was soon battling it out in the courts with the brother and the other three sisters. Should she have had but a fifth of the \$10,000—or the whole ten grand?

Answer on page 51



started up at nights, plagued by this ordeal.

"Good Lord, no," he said. "I've got other things to worry about."

For Taylor never looks back. His lack of worry and incurable optimism undoubtedly spring from the days in the 30's when he successfully merged 20 Ontario breweries, starting out at a time when beer was banned from tavern sale and when the province was in the throes of the depression.

His optimism infects his whole organization and pays big dividends. By 1943 he was convinced the Allies would win and he put his name down for new brewing machinery. At war's end he found himself at the head of the priority list. With a two-year jump on his more cautious competitors he flooded Ontario and even Quebec with his beer. The forced sampling increased O'Keefe's sales as much as all competitors combined and made it what the company claims is Canada's largest selling beer.

While other businessmen talked recession Taylor moved into his period of greatest expansion (lumber, soybeans, chemicals, chocolates, bakeries).

This cheerful optimism is part of the Taylor sales personality. "He could sell ice cream to the Eskimos," a fraternity brother remarked recently.

Taylor puts it this way: "Most people do themselves in by being hard to get along with." He smiles when he gives orders and likes to start off by saying, "How would you like to do something for me?" He is no backslapper but he likes to laugh and he is a master of the direct look and the hearty handshake. He has no side, and still kicks old schoolmates in the fanny when he runs into them in a coffee shop (a Taylor coffee shop, of course).

When he breezes through his downtown offices at Argus Corp., his giant holding company, or Canadian Breweries he waves a cheerful hello at all and sundry, calls stenographers and foremen by name. His executives call him the best boss in Canada and not without reason. Recently he sent a Cadillac as a gift to his horse trainer in Kentucky.

His personality made him a charmer with co-eds in his McGill days and he was much in demand at dinner parties. He enlivened one by seizing a young lady caveman style and dashing up a staircase with her in his arms. Now he has little time for women, though he is punctiliously polite. (He remarked to a recent visitor: "I know you'd prefer Scotch but I think it best we have one cup of tea with the ladies first.")

He was so busy during the war that his blond, petite and pretty wife Winifred used to remark she hardly knew him. Taylor promised to reform but was hardly out of service before his living room was ankle-deep in blueprints for his \$2 million Victory Mills soybean plant on Toronto's water front. During the war he had said, "There are 13 things I want to do when I get out of this job." He has managed to do most of

them but now takes his wife on his business trips.

At the same time he doesn't believe in discussing business with his wife. Once one of his men was asked to transfer to an out-of-town office. The man's wife objected. Taylor had him fired. "Any man who lets his wife interfere with his business is not for me."

Taylor's eye for business is uncanny. "He can read a balance sheet like a poem and tell you where it doesn't scan," one of his employees said recently. He has a photographic memory for names, 10-year-old conversations and figures. He never has to refer to files or notes. He knows to a dollar the amount of depreciation on each of his companies and the comparison with last year's depreciation.

He carries in his head the monthly production figures and gross sales of every plant in his ken. (Red-haired daughter Judy, now in her final year at McGill, is smart too: she was head girl at Haverhill College. Younger daughter Mary, also at McGill, and son Charles, at Trinity College School, are only average students.)

#### An Eye on the Kentucky

Taylor carries his business qualities into horse racing, his only real outside interest and a hobby that has all the speed, zest and gamble of finance. Once at the Preakness Taylor, watching nine horses being led out for final inspection, reeled off their names, their sires and dams and their breeding history. He knows rival brewery backgrounds equally well. He knows his horses and trainers as well as he knows his brewery foremen.

Just as he once personally checked Carling's labels and Honey Dew service ("Now," he says, "I have someone eat there for me") he personally checks his stables, handles small details himself.

In horses as in business Eddie Taylor has been successful. An executive once figured that a \$2 bet on each of his horses one season would have netted a \$16 profit. Taylor horses have won the Ontario Jockey Club's breeder's stakes, the Orpen Cup and Saucer and the King's Plate. Taylor prefers racing for higher stakes in the U. S. but has recently announced he'll spend more time at Canadian tracks. He still hopes to win the Kentucky Derby.

He inherited his winning streak from his grandfather, Charles Magee, and his personality from his father, Col. P. B. Taylor, a Riel rebellion sharpshooter and small banker. (Eddie's younger brother, Fred, followed a different bent. He is a Montreal artist whose left-wing views have sometimes embarrassed his better-known brother. Fred once painted Eddie's portrait for the O'Keefe board room.)

In Ottawa old friends of the family say that E. P. is "old Charley all over again." Like his grandson Magee was tall and handsome; unlike him he was austere and autocratic. But Magee was



Anne Hathaway's Cottage,  
Stratford-upon-Avon.

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#### NEXT ISSUE

### Mr. Hockey Tells His Story

By Bruce Hutchison

Lester Patrick, hockey's famous "Silver Fox," settles back to tell for the first time some little-known stories about our national sport. He explodes the myths about "a golden age of hockey" — we're better at it today, he says. The first of two articles.

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a promoter from the beginning. He started work in a boot shop at 15, retired from the wholesale dry goods business at 30. From there he branched out into real estate, banking, street railways, amusement parks, hotels and finally brewing.

A fighting Ulsterman Magee once quelled a run on the Bank of Ottawa, which he had founded, by stepping into the teller's cage, silk hat and all, to pay out cash to panicky depositors. He plunged heavily before his death and left a debt-ridden brewery—Bradings—to his heirs. This was to become the cornerstone of his grandson's empire.

In London during World War I, where his father was with the Army Pay Corps, young Eddie ran away to join the Army. His father sent MP's after him, packed him back to Ottawa and grandfather. A year later Taylor entered McGill as a mechanical engineering student.

#### You Start With a Bus Line

Here he invented the first toaster to toast two sides of a piece of bread at once and promptly began promoting it. The promotion earned him several thousand dollars in pocket money.

His fellow engineers and DU frat brothers were hard put to understand young Ed. The McGill Junior Yearbook describes him in a sentence with, "a mind that wanders constantly to wild projects leaving the dull routine to lower intellects." Taylor left lab work to teammates to read books on finance

and study balance sheets. He talked of mergers and promotion, earning himself the nickname of "Ponzi" Taylor (after the notorious Boston promoter of that day). "He spoke a language we just didn't know," one classmate recalls.

At mealtimes frat brothers made sport of him by passing the salt when he asked for sugar. Taylor, his mind working furiously, would stir it absently into his tea.

Out of university, engineer Taylor engineered the formation of the Yellow Bus Company and the Red Line Taxi in Ottawa. He got the taxi idea from seeing meter cabs in Montreal and talked a group into sponsoring them in his home town. He did not stay long with the company, which went on to be Ottawa's largest, but devoted his time to the bus line. He and partner Lawrence Hart (now a successful Montreal business promoter) drove the decrepit Ford buses themselves, often climbing underneath in midjourney to set things right. In the evenings Taylor used the bus as a private limousine, parking it in front of fashionable homes. The bus company did not prosper and ultimately folded.

Taylor went to work for his father who was handling the Ottawa branch of McLeod, Young, Weir and Co.'s investment business. At about the same time he became a director of Bradings', the family brewery. Prohibition in Ontario was strangling the brewery business. Beer was made for "export" or found its way into local blind pigs (though Bradings kept its

head above water by selling to Hull, Que.).

Col. Taylor, who wanted to sell out, almost succeeded in doing so to a Hull bootlegger for \$60,000. But some 15 years later the government was to pay his son \$550,000 for the original Bradings site as part of the Ottawa beautification scheme.

Meanwhile Taylor had talked the investment house into moving him to the Toronto head office. He rapidly became a director. By this time his master plan for a giant brewery merger was forming in his mind. He first advanced it to fellow directors at Bradings in 1927: Why not cut overlapping sales, dead weight in transport and high competitive costs by joining a group of breweries together?

Nosing around Welland, Ont., young E. P. found the Kuntz brewery could be bought for \$10,000 and the assumption of a whacking \$200,000 debt. He knew that Bradings had \$10,000 in the bank that year. Before the directors could draw breath they found they'd bought a new brewery, sight unseen, at a time when the business was at a rock-bottom low.

Standing at the portals of the Great Depression, with beer still prohibited from tavern sale, Taylor's chances of eventually merging 20 breweries and making money out of them looked pretty slim. But in 20 years his Canadian Breweries stock has gone from a low of 25 cents in 1931 to a high of \$24 in 1949. And Taylor, who started out as a man of limited means,

has at all times retained control of his brain child.

The breweries started a chain reaction which is still going on. With beer, Taylor got ginger ale. Ginger ale got him into Orange Crush; as a by-product he inherited Honey Dew. This got him into the entire food realm. Everything else just seemed to follow.

The story of the phenomenal pyramiding of the Taylor enterprises—in which he merged companies originally formed from mergers—will be told in the next issue of Maclean's. It is at all times the story of a peculiarly single-minded man whose whole life has been devoted to finance.

Which makes the closing lines of the 1921 fraternity poem as prophetic as the opening ones. They go like this:

*When we engineers are drawing down  
our seven per and bed  
Our Edward will make millions—  
clever Eddie! Lucky Ed!*

The man who wrote the poem, J. H. D. ("Drum") Ross, draws somewhat more than his seven per and bed as manager of CIL's Windsor Salt division in Montreal. Windsor is one of the Big Three in Canadian salt companies. The other two companies make Goderich and Sifto salt. Both of them are controlled by E. P. Taylor.

(In a second article in the next issue of Maclean's Pierre Berton will trace in detail the growth of the Taylor enterprises.) ★

## I Say the Tories Will Win

Continued from page 9

Churchill is 75—not an ideal age for a prime minister to form his first peacetime government; yet the vigor of his mind and splendor of his spirit remain undimmed. He will broadcast to the nation and the election may be decided by what he says and how he says it.

Churchill's hatred of Socialism as a philosophy is so deep that it is never easy for him to show sweet reasonableness when discussing it. He will call for national unity for the brotherhood of Englishmen, for the spirit of greatness, for a lofty purpose and a splendor of imagination. The country will like this for the British are a proud race; but the effect will be spoiled if in the middle of it Churchill denounces the Socialists as a collection of spavined crocks—or whatever figure of speech occurs to him at the moment.

Only second to the importance of Churchill's broadcast will be that of Anthony Eden. He is that rare thing—a man of character who has no enemies. Oddly enough he almost completely lacks self-dramatization. The great phrase does not come, the sudden lowering or raising of his voice, or a change of pace, are never studied nor planned by him. He will not wear his emotions on his sleeve, nor let them vibrate in his larynx.

Somebody said of Eden recently that he was the greatest silent-film political star in the world but that the talkies had ruined him. That is not quite true because he is a great parliamentarian and can dominate the House of Commons when he is sincerely roused. My own belief is that if and when he becomes prime minister he will grow to great stature. At any rate, Eden is a formidable figure now.

Lord Woolton was a Liberal who joined Churchill's wartime government as food minister and after the war not only joined the Conservative

Party but became its chairman and general manager. The housewives have never forgotten how well he ran the nation's larder and his speeches and broadcast in the election will be directed largely to the women. They should have a great effect.

These are our stars. The supporting cast will include your London correspondent and we shall be flung all over the country on a torrent of oratory. My own North London constituency has been cut up and I am running for the new Parliamentary division of Southgate, which was part of my old division of Wood Green.

In the spirit of prophecy I give it as my opinion that your correspondent will beat his Liberal and Socialist opponents.

So much then for the personalities. Now we must examine the issues that will sway the vote.

It is quite obvious that the Socialists will face the past resolutely and call high heaven to witness the evils done under the years of Tory misrule, which in their minds extend from Baldwin to Ethelred the Unready. People will be told that the Tories intend to bring back unemployment so as to force down wages, that they will abolish food subsidies and thus raise the cost of living, and that the social services will

be scaled down and starved of working capital.

On the other hand income tax will be reduced and the rich will be richer than ever.

That will be the "hate and fear" aspect of the Socialist campaign, but there will also be the evangelical side in which the goodness of Socialism toward the poor and the sick and the children will be put with emotion, and even passion.

The third attack will be based on the raised prestige of the common man who finds himself a ruler and not a slave.

Fourth will be the success story of a government that inherited appalling difficulties and ends its term in office with full employment for all.

#### Seven Signals for Success

Only a fool would dismiss this election program as a poor one. It is not poor—it is powerful and is designed to attract not only the worker but those sections of the community that find the Conservatives lacking in warmth and humanity.

Yet, while acknowledging all this, I have come to the conclusion that the Conservatives will win the election providing they put their case with reasonable skill to the electorate. In

fact I predict a Conservative win.

In summarized form I herewith give you my reasons:

1. The defeat of Socialist governments in Australia and New Zealand plus the virtual rout of Socialists in Canada will have a profound influence on the British, who are becoming more and more conscious of the necessity and opportunities of Commonwealth unity.

2. The large Services vote in 1945 went overwhelmingly against the Conservatives. This time the Services vote is small but will traditionally go against the government.

3. In 1945 young people voted for Socialism in the belief they would find it dynamic and exciting. In the last three years the Young Conservative Movement has swept the country because youth has found itself frustrated by controls.

4. Growing sections of trade unionists are realizing that unions cannot have an independent existence under Socialism or Communism. I do not say that the breakaway will be large, but it will count.

5. The middle classes put the Socialists in last time because a solid Labor vote is not enough for a majority. Now the middle classes are bearing such a burden of taxation that they have become almost a distressed section of the community. They are certain to rally in great numbers to the Conservative banner.

6. The Conservatives should have a great swingover of women voters. As I indicated, the housewife detests the unfortunate Strachey; she is sick and tired of queues and she is not going to be told by her husband how to vote. In fact the housewife may well hold the reins of destiny in her hands—and who has a better right?

7. My last argument for a Conservative victory is Winston Churchill. I believe that even his opponents have realized what the nation lost when the electorate declared he could no longer speak as Britain's prime minister. If he rises to the heights which we know he can reach then I believe the spirit of

#### NEXT ISSUE

## WHY THEY ACT LIKE DOUKHOBORS

By Ray Gardner

The terror that has swept B. C.'s Kootenay Mountains since the weird "Sons of Freedom" sect of Doukhobors began their wave of bombings and burnings reached a new peak at year's end. Here's an on the spot report revealing for the first time the reasons behind the strange series of confessions being made by the group.

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the nation will soar on the wings of his words.

That is my case for a Tory victory. And I claim it is a strong one.

If, with such factors in our favor, we are defeated decisively then I do not believe that the Conservative Party will survive as a political instrument.

If we win, there must be an intensive modernization of method and outlook or our victory will be followed by twilight without the evening star. I look to Eden and the younger Conservatives to prove that the party is not static and that its eyes are fixed on the future.

You will notice that I have not mentioned the Liberals, who will probably run 400 candidates. Here is the tragedy of a once-great party which demands its independence without any chance of forming a government. They are a serious threat to a Conservative victory for they will take many Liberal votes which would otherwise come to

us, and they will offer a convenient graveyard of the conscience to disillusioned people who voted Socialist last time but find it a little difficult to vote Tory now.

Therefore, I chance my arm with these three predictions:

1. The Conservatives will win.
2. Less than a dozen Liberals out of 400 candidates will prove victorious.
3. One Communist will be returned out of the hundred who run.

Since none of you who read this article will be voting in the British election on February 23 you will absolve me of the charge of inflicting party propaganda upon you. I have tried to summarize the situation objectively as if I were an onlooker and not a participant.

Now it is for our masters the people to choose which of us shall be selected as their servants. ★

## Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

\$70 millions debt may be turned into an international scholarship fund. The United States has already done this under a plan suggested by Senator William Fulbright, of Arkansas, who was a Rhodes Scholar himself. Jimmy Sinclair, also a Rhodes Scholar, is strongly in favor of a Canadian scheme of the same kind. The idea would be to send Canadian students to universities in the debtor countries, paying for their keep out of the fund of local currency with which each nation had settled its account.

★ ★ ★

While the Massey Commission is pondering (among other things) the financial needs of the CBC, the Government wrestles with a small but important detail of the same problem. How well is the present \$2.50 license fee being collected?

Most departments of government, and the CBC itself, suspect that a lot of radio owners are getting off scot free. The Bureau of Statistics made a sample survey last year indicating that 94% of all Canadian homes own radios. Without even counting auto radios, for which you're supposed to buy a separate license, that would mean a little more than 3 million radio licenses.

Actual sale of radio licenses in 1948-49 totaled 2 million, auto sets and all.

### Answer to WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT? (Page 48)

IT TOOK three courts to decide. The Supreme Court of Ontario declared the money was part of the estate, and thus divisible—but the Ontario Court of Appeal stuck to the letter of the joint account agreement and reversed this decision in favor of the Toronto sister. The other four promptly took the case to the Supreme Court of Canada, which handed down a final decision that the money should be split five ways. All the facts showed, said the court, that the widow never intended her Toronto sister to have the money for herself and declared that the banking form was not sufficient to express any such intention by itself.

If the bureau's survey is right that means the CBC is getting only two thirds of the license revenue it's entitled to, an annual loss of \$2½ millions.

The Transport Department, which collects the fees, hotly disputes the bureau's figure. They claim that their several thousand canvassers, 7,000 post offices and 2,000-odd other outlets are issuing licenses to 85% to 90% of all Canadian radio owners.

Other departments of government frankly don't believe Transport's figures. Even with no surveys to guide them they'd find it incredible that the Canadian will to frustrate the tax collector could be only 10% successful in an evasion as easy as this one. There has been some pressure lately for an overhaul of the whole system of collection and perhaps its transfer to another department.

However, these critics haven't made a very good case either. The Government is inclined to agree with their diagnosis, but not with their proposals for cure. In cold fact and practice, how can you be sure of getting a license fee out of every radio owner? Short of an all-out Gestapo effort, with a search warrant for every unlicensed home, it's hard to see how it could be done. Transport's estimate of results may be high, but at least they're given credit for doing a reasonably good job with the means at their disposal.

On the other hand, if one radio owner is getting a free ride for every two who pay the fare that's another argument against raising the fee. No change is likely to be made until after the Massey Commission has reported. But if, then, the Government should decide to try a different method of financing CBC, or at least a new way of meeting its deficits, this fee-collection difficulty may be a large factor in the decision.

★ ★ ★

Britain has solved at least one of her scarcity problems, according to the United Kingdom Information Office here. The postwar shortage of human skeletons has been liquidated.

British medical schools used to get their skeletons from Russia, France and India. For one reason or another these sources of supply have dried up—France has passed laws which make it impossible to maintain the previous output, with the result that French medical schools themselves are running short. However, a British company is now marketing a plastic skeleton which is complete in every detail, more durable and a great deal cheaper than the genuine article. ★

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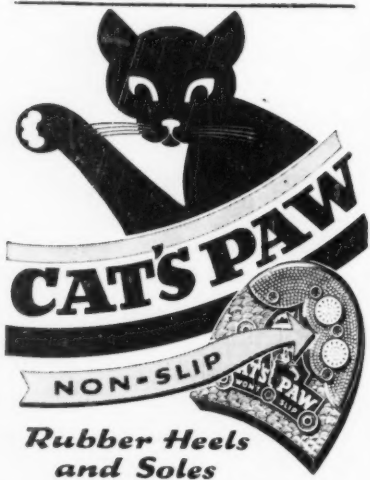
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# Cross Country

## NEWFOUNDLAND

Skipper John Chaffey, Captain Billy Dawe and Uncle Az Rose, famous fishermen of Newfoundland's past, are probably turning in their graves at the news, but the news is true.

They're bringing fishermen to Newfoundland to teach Newfoundlanders how to fish.

The province's entire economy depends on fishing, yet for generations the industry has been carried on in the same old-fashioned way. The fishermen go out in small cockle shells, catch cod alone (throwing everything else away), bring it ashore and dry it in the sun and ship it to market. Cod traps, trawls and handlines are still the order of the day in most sections of the island, and they mean low productivity.

Four Icelandic boats are already on the scene to teach newer methods of fishing and curing, and two Nova Scotia long-line fishing boats will soon test the long-line method off Newfoundland's northeast shore and, if it works, train Newfoundlanders how to work the system.

## THE MARITIMES

British fish purchases have been cut, too, but falling prices won't mean as much to a group of eight fishermen from the tiny village of Little Dover, in Guysboro County, N.S., as they once did. The eight have formed a co-op and taken up weaving. Their specialty is rugs.

The fishermen's St. Agnes Guild is the first co-operative guild in the Maritimes. The provincial Department of Trade and Industry sent two instructors to train the would-be weavers, who were more at home with nets than shuttles. First they made small items such as towels and scarves, then graduated to rugs which find a ready market.

A new pattern of small co-operative industry in the fishing hamlets may arise out of the Little Dover experiment.

## QUEBEC

Charitable Montrealers have their hands in their pockets deeply and often in the course of a year—last year there were 33 major campaigns which raised almost \$6½ millions. In addition there were many minor fund-raising drives which took in an undisclosed figure.

Many-tongued Montreal has never been able to get all its charities in one community chest. As a result there is a French-Catholic appeal, an English-Catholic appeal, a Jewish appeal, a Financial Federation (mostly Protestant) appeal, and so on. And all of them meet or nearly meet their quotas.

This year the sledding will be really tough. In addition to all the annual appeals, three hospitals—the General, the Children's Memorial and the Royal Edward Laurentian—are launching a combined drive in May for a whopping \$18 millions. Hartland deM. Molson, of the brewing family which has been famous in Montreal for well over 100 years, is directing the drive.

Most of the money will be spent on the Montreal General, a vast sprawling

structure in the heart of "Hell's Kitchen" which still uses some of the buildings erected for it in 1821. A new General will rise high on the slopes of Mount Royal—if the drive succeeds. Montrealers bet it will, even if it will cost them money to make their bets good.

## ONTARIO

It was a strange setting for a revival meeting. The congregation was all male, clad in drab denim—the uniform of prisoners of the Ontario Reformatory at Guelph. The chapel was the prison schoolroom with bars on its high windows. Standing at the back and scattered through the crowd were watchful guards.

The preacher, Rev. Bob Munro, was a stout little man in shirt sleeves, a blue-dotted bow tie; he carried a silver trumpet. He represented an effort by William E. Hamilton, Minister of Reform Institutions, to bring spiritual uplift to Ontario prisoners.

Mr. Munro opened the service with a hymn on the trumpet ("He Careth for You") then, after prayer and more hymns, delivered a down-to-earth sermon illustrated with slides.

The response of the men, says the preacher, "is just wonderful." He avoids what he calls "emotional, tear-jerking evangelism." Yet, when he called for men to witness their faith in Christ, 45 stood up, diffident but proud.

The department asked Mr. Munro to come to the reformatory for just 10 days. Only 98 men turned out to the first meeting, soon more wanted to attend than the hall could hold and the engagement was extended to three weeks. After that, Mr. Munro was to visit other provincial prisons.

H. C. Patten, general manager of the Toronto Transportation Commission, said in his annual report that the general level of prosperity and industrial activity in Toronto in 1949 "was probably the greatest in history." Result: the TTC carried 313,764,000 passengers, an all-time record.

But there were signs that the general prosperity wasn't 100% general. As the new year began Toronto's unemployed were estimated at more than 24,000, against 9,000 a year earlier. Soup kitchens and gospel missions were feeding hungry men. There was a demonstration of unemployed outside a National Employment Service office.



Prisoners at Guelph get the old-time religion (see Ontario).

And the Toronto Labor Council (CIO-CCL) started a unique labor organization—the Union of Unemployed.

## THE PRAIRIES

Louis H. ("Scoop") Lewry, the rambunctious ex-newspaperman who became mayor of Moose Jaw at the beginning of the year, thinks every citizen should have a right to tell the mayor what he thinks of him. So as soon as he took office he announced a weekly "beef" session in his office. Time, Fridays, 4 to 6 p.m.

At the first session a dozen people turned up to ask questions and complain about such matters as increased paving costs and slow snow removal.

Lewry, a 30-year-old redhead, is the youngest mayor Moose Jaw has ever had. Until his election he headed the Moose Jaw bureau of the Regina Leader-Post.

The wily coyotes of southern Saskatchewan have figured out a way to outsmart the air-borne blitz. When they hear an aircraft coming, they run directly under it so that the hunter in the plane can't draw a bead.

Hunters around Disley, north and east of Regina, recently tried combining ground and air forces against the critters. The idea was to surround an area 12 miles square, patrol it from the air and drive the coyotes to their doom in a 20-acre field. Three hundred nimrods gathered for the kill. As they closed in, a few less intelligent strays were bagged escaping the net but when the posse closed in on the 20-acre rendezvous, nary a coyote was in sight. Score for the day: 12 coyotes, one muskrat (shot by mistake) and an undetermined bag of Hungarian partridge, prairie chicken and the like.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA

It was just after midnight when Raymond Stanley Hamod, a 20-year-old laborer, hailed a police car in suburban Vancouver. He jumped into the back of the car, leveled a revolver at the two officers in the front seat and ordered them to hand over their guns.

Constables Eburne and Spotswood stalled. Hamod told them to drop their hands and drive on. Spotswood, at the wheel, jerked sharply around a corner and Eburne, his partner, who had surreptitiously pulled his gun, let the intruder have it with three shots, fired without even turning his head. Hamod died instantly.

Why had he tried this senseless holdup? Police thought they had the answer when they discovered he had written a farewell note to his sweetheart and had carried a revolver without a firing pin on his last adventure. Hamod, they figured, had set himself a suicide trap and let a cop spring it for him. ★

GLOBE AND MAIL



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## MAILBAG

# Soulful Dogs and Soulless Humans

After reading Eric Nicol's "Pets in the Press" (Jan. 1) I handed the magazine to Cassie, my favorite mongrel. She read the piece without comment, but I could tell she was taking it very hard.

"Now, Cassie," I barked, "brace up! Obviously Mr. Nicol doesn't believe dogs can read or he would never have written as he did."

"I thought they were such nice people at Maclean's," sobbed Cassie. "Just recently they published a lovely article about talking dogs. I enjoyed it very much . . . Do you think they paid him for that drivel?"

"Of course," I barked. "Put yourself in Mr. Nicol's shoes . . . After a hard day of trying to think up something to write about he comes home hoping to refresh himself with news about the cold war with Russia, the terrors of atomic bombing, growing unemployment, earthquakes, and so on."

Cassie wagged her tail understandingly.

"He hoped to look at pictures of floods, fires, train wrecks, plane wrecks, car wrecks, and so on. All of which make him feel very fortunate."

"Obviously," agreed Cassie.

"But instead of all this what does poor Mr. Nicol get? Pictures of dogs like yourself, who are probably better looking than he is and—as he says himself—'braver, wittier and more loyal.' Surely you can see how that kind of thing gets him down."

"His grievances are well founded," Cassie said briskly. "But what gets me is this: You know I'm far smarter than Mr. Nicol—"

I nodded vigorously.

"Yet, since I started to write for a living, Maclean's haven't published a thing I've sent them!"

With worst wishes from Cassie. —John Mortimer, Elora, Ont.

Cassie's manuscripts were returned with regret. Too dog-eared. —The Editors.

### More From Mars

I was pleased to see that you published another Bradbury story ("I'll Not Ask for Wine," Jan. 1) but as I can say from having read much of his work, it was definitely not up to his standard. Might I suggest that you take a whip terminating in a \$ sign or perhaps even a cent sign and crack it vigorously over Mr. Bradbury's head? But whatever you do, please give us more Bradbury.—D. Fraser, Vancouver.

### That Was No Ox, That Was . . .

I have just read the article "Saskatoon, City in the Wheat" (Jan. 1) by John Clare. I must say that some of it is very amusing, some true and some fiction. In part Mr. Clare says that 15 years ago a farmer started out for the Kindersley district with a yoke of oxen, etc.!

I have been here for 30 years and I have yet to see my first oxen. I understand that the use of those animals on

the prairie went out about 40 years ago. Perhaps what Mr. Clare saw was a poor farmer wearing a cowhide and hitched to a Bennett Buggy, being driven by his wife to the station to get their ration of Jimmy Gardiner's dried codfish.—Frank J. Dowding, Saskatoon.

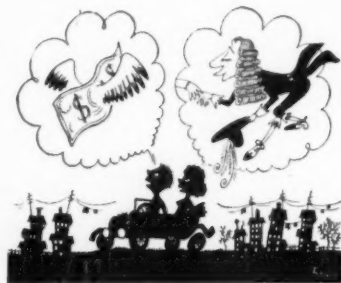
### Souls and Slams

In your issue of Jan. 1 Beverley Baxter says "the mind without the soul reduces mankind to the level of an educated monkey." What he means by the "soul" we have to guess. It appears to be some immaterial entity distinct from the "mind." If so how does he know that the monkey hasn't a soul? I have just the same evidence to prove that the monkey has a soul that I have to prove that Mr. Baxter has one—that is none at all.

It strikes me that this remark of Mr. Baxter's is somewhat insulting to a large section of your readers who can't or don't admit the ownership of such an embellishment.—W. P. Lawrence, Falmouth, N.S.

### Teen-Age Dissent

We have just finished "Going Steady's Strictly Business" (Jan. 1) and were utterly disgusted with it . . . Is chivalry dead with teen-agers? Well, we teen-agers hope not. Here's hoping that you will have an article on the other half of the teen-agers.—G. Taylor and T. Miller, Toronto.



● What really amused me was that 16-year-old in Toronto who spent \$5.50 on a weekly date and felt \$7 wasn't enough per week for dating. Where I come from \$7 is good spending for formal three or four times a year . . . If Junior needs more than \$1 a week let him earn it like the rest of us. —An 18-year-old, Halifax.

● No one has ever referred to me as a beetle or a bag. Ye gawds, my social standing must be in ruins.—Miss M. Curtin, Ottawa.

### Quick, the French Dictionary

On page 38 of your January 1 issue Frank Hamilton writes that "Rivard is completely bilingual." Well, that's a heap more than can be said of Mr. Hamilton or of Maclean's proofreaders. In the paragraph preceding the above

quote Antoine Rivard is made a Ministry of State (Ministère d'Etat) instead of being appointed Minister of State (Ministre d'Etat).

It's a pity, too, that you should misspell proper names—St. Sauveur becoming St. Sauvere, and Place Viger Hotel being hardly recognizable as Place Vighey Hotel.

Or should geography textbooks in French schools refer to Winnipeg as Ouinipague?—Henry Bernard, Montreal.

### Starting the Century Right

Quoting Fred Bodsworth (Jan. 1), "How Wrong Can You Be?" To answer it from your editorial in the same issue—"Now that we're halfway through the century"—you can be a YEAR wrong. Only 49 years of the



20th century have passed by. Try mentally the FIRST century. 1, 2, 3 . . . 48, 49, 50 years (Dec. 31) to complete 50 years, half a century. There is no year 0.—Teacher, Lethbridge, Alta.

To the scores who wrote Mailbag to the same effect—patiently, sarcastically or insultingly—Maclean's cites Historian Mark Sullivan. Sullivan, author of "Our Times," said that Jan. 1, 1900, "seems to the eye and sounds to the ear more like the beginning of a century than does Jan. 1, 1901." Similarly, Jan. 1, 1950, looks, sounds and feels more like the midcentury than does Jan. 1, 1951.—The Editors.

### Starting the Week Right

Just read "Brave New Wacky World" by John Largo in your Jan 1 issue. He makes reference to Jan. 1, 1990, as occurring on a Monday (correct). Then later on states twice that Jan. 1 in the year 2000 will be on Monday also. Surely he wasn't being wacky in making that statement. Anyhow, to be correct, the day will be on a Saturday. I'll wager on that.—Herb Holt, Vancouver.

You lose. Jan. 1, 2000, is a Sunday. —The Editors.

### The Greatest

Congratulations on "The Greatest Ten of Our Time (Jan. 1) and on your perspicacity in choosing Robert M. Hutchins to make the selection. The only candidate I question is Henry Ford. His accomplishments may qualify him but I believe his motives were those of any businessman—to make more money.

Of the additional 20 names listed I'd vote for Frederick Banting, G. B. Shaw, Marie Curie, Emmeline Pankhurst, Bertrand Russell and Alexander Fleming.—Mrs. W. O. Laing, Lambeth, Ont.



## WIT AND WISDOM

**Feminine Filibuster**—Police arrested a Connecticut woman for refusing to leave a phone booth after two hours. Why break up the description of a new hat?—*Kitchener News-Record*.

**Homework Pays Off**—The mother of four children, a Montreal woman, has just become the first woman in Canada to receive a registered cost accountant degree. If anyone needs to be a cost accountant nowadays it's the mother of four children.—*Montreal Gazette*.

**Scandalous Nature**—Naked hills—nude trees—bare limbs! No wonder the corn is shocked!—*St. Thomas Times-Journal*.

**The Tie That Cures**—A psychiatrist declares that people in love are mentally unbalanced. He may be right, but it's the sort of brainstorm a preacher can easily cure.—*Victoria Colonist*.

**Table Talk**—Said the mother pig to the little pigs when they attacked their dinner too vigorously, "Don't be people."—*Edmonton Journal*.

**Active Apple**—Nurtured trees are now producing radioactive fruit, and

we may be thankful there were none such in the garden of Eden when we reflect on the trouble Eve managed to kick up with one nonirradiated apple.—*Toronto Star*.

**Or to the Altar, Walter**—From a schoolboy's essay on legs: "Legs is what if you ain't got two pretty good ones you can't get to first base."—*Calgary Albertan*.

**Even Steven**—Statistics say there are as many telephones as bathtubs in this country. Maintaining this balance is important, for there should be one of the former to ring every time someone gets into one of the latter.—*Kingston Whig-Standard*.

**The Champ!**—Kid Citrus—Someone asks what the term "infighting" means. It is our understanding that it means fighting in close quarters, as, for example, attacking a grapefruit in a breakfast nook.—*Stratford Beacon-Herald*.

**Most Unkindest Cut of All**—An editor thinks that people should quit saying that "people the world over are pretty much alike." And we think so too; it's a rotten thing for people to say about people.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

JASPER

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# PARADE

## THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

**A**T THE RATE competing businessmen can chase each other around the globe by air these days we knew it was only a matter of time till one of them felt his own hot breath on his neck. It's happened to a fellow from Cornwall, Ont., who hopped over to Britain for a busy fortnight of calls on the trade. To keep from being weighted down with too much excess baggage he evolved the technique of dictating daily reports on his activities everywhere

whom a messenger recently brought a message from a local department store, intended for transmission to a distant manufacturer.

"Please send three and one half yards of green velvet number 28643," said the message, "as per sample attached."

And, as sure as God made green velvet, there was a chunk of the stuff firmly stapled to the corner of the telegraph blank.

• • •



he went and addressing these to himself at his home office. Calls done, he flew back in a few hours from Prestwick to Dorval, then settled down at his desk in Cornwall to spend the next couple of weeks eagerly opening all the fascinating communications he'd penned to himself, as they rolled in by surface mail.

• • •

A farm family near Red Deer, Alta., employ as a domestic a young woman who came to Canada from a DP camp in Europe and to whom the Red Deer folk are much attracted. The girl is bright, intelligent and eager, and they are doing their best to help her learn the ways of her new homeland, starting with the language. On one of those lovely dry-cold Western mornings the girl turned from peering cornerwise out the window to mutter none too happily, "That thing says it's very cold today."

Seeing a fine chance to add the word thermometer to the girl's vocabulary, her employer asked, "What do you mean by 'that thing'?"

The girl looked at the farmer a bit incredulously, then summed up her impressions of a Canadian winter curtly, "Why—that thing that goes below zero!"

• • •

Fortunately, life in Charlottetown, P.E.I., is sufficiently normal and substantial that even a man in as hectic a trade as the telegraph business manages to keep a grip on things. Fortunate, that is, for the sanity of the telegraph agent to

This man in Vancouver is shy a couple of front teeth for which he has the usual substitutes mounted on a plate. Had 'em some little time, in fact, and one of the falsies showed signs of shaking loose. His dentist told him just to drop the plate into the mailbox beside his office door, en route to work, and the repairs would be done in time for him to pick them up on the way home from work the same day.

Next day at 7.30 saw him sliding his little paper packet through the dentist's mail slot, but part way through the teeth became wedged and refused to go in or out. Dropping to his knees he wiggled them gently, not wishing to wreck the plate completely; but an hour later he was still there wiggling when a doctor who shares the office suite with the dentist arrived, opened the door with his key and went to work at the problem from the inside. Half an hour later



they were both still wiggling away at the chompers when the dentist arrived, and it took this expert another half hour to free the blockage.

Though finally triumphant, all these manoeuvrings kept the Vancouver man an hour or more late for work, where he had a futile time of it trying to convince anybody he'd been delayed having his teeth removed—the same two teeth he'd had removed years before.

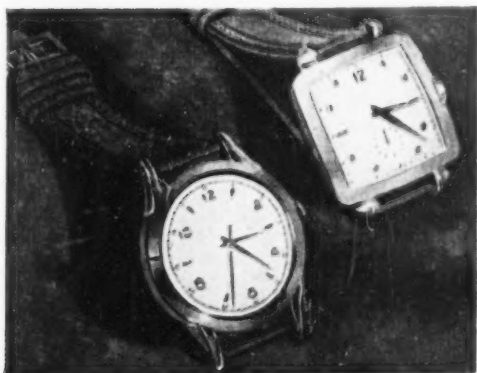
*Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.*



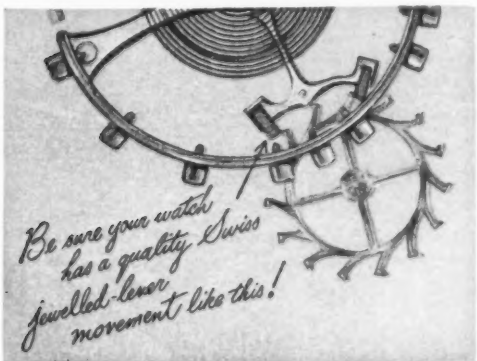


**1.** By the age of twelve, the average boy and girl are mature enough to recognize the value of precious time, to plan the days more methodically and thoughtfully, and to handle a precision instrument with care. When you buy a watch, ask your jew-

eller: "Does it have a quality Swiss jewelled-lever movement?" This miracle mechanism, used by *most* watch owners the world over, is the best assurance you can have of accuracy, dependability and value in the watch you buy for the youngster you love.



**2.** Practical watches to give young, active people are water-repellent and shock-resistant. These features, like the self-winding watch, calendar watch, chronograph, and chronometer, are Swiss developments. In every watch, it's the movement that counts—be sure your watch has a quality Swiss jewelled-lever movement.



**3.** To get the most for your money, choose a watch with a quality Swiss jewelled-lever movement. For the jewelled-lever is the mechanical "heart" that keeps your watch running on time with a minimum of wear. Don't be fooled by so-called "watch bargains"—you usually get just about what you pay for.

## How old should a youngster be before he gets his first good watch?



**4.** Swiss craftsmen were the first to use jewels in watch movements—in 1704. Today, the quality Swiss jewelled-lever movement stands for timekeeping excellence the world over. That's why a smart Swiss watch is a treasure of lasting pride—for you—or for the fortunate one who receives it from you.



**5.** Thanks to the Swiss Watch Repair Parts Programme, any quality Swiss watch can be serviced economically, promptly. Remember—dependable Canadian jewellers know all about watches. Rely on a trusted jeweller—he'll show you the best jewelled-lever Swiss movements in your price range.

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